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Cash-and-Carry Now

Both isolationists and supporters of the President say that they want to keep the United States at peace. Both favor the cash-and-carry plan for this purpose, differing mainly on the question of the arms embargo. American ships—ocean liners as well as freighters—are now carrying contraband through war zones; at any moment one of them may be sunk by a submarine, with possible loss of American lives. To make matters worse, some of these ships belong to the United States government. It is of the utmost importance, then, that the opposing forces in Congress unite at once to enact that portion of the new bill on which they are in substantial agreement. Yet the chances are that no action will be taken until after weeks or possibly months of debate in the Senate on the arms embargo. The bill was reported by the Foreign Relations Committee in the form in which the administration forces want it; the changes desired by the isolationists will be introduced as amendments. According to parliamentary procedure, the amendments must be disposed of before a vote is taken on the bill as a whole. Will American peace be endangered by this technical fact? Cannot the two sides get together to devise a procedure that will enable the non-controversial section to be passed separately and now? There is a danger that one or both of the factions will believe that such action would weaken them for the main fight. It would be irony indeed if a struggle between opinions as to the best way to keep us out of war should, by delaying any action at all, throw us into it.

Much Smoke, Little Fire

As the debate on repeal of the arms embargo begins, it is hard to see the fair hits through the cloud of battle. Everybody seems to be talking in large generalities without studying the facts or defining his premises. Will war orders for munitions here be large or small? If the Allies don't intend to order many munitions here anyway, as reliable authorities have stated, both sides are talking through their hats. In that case the anti-embargoists are wrong, because allowing the Allies to purchase munitions would not tend greatly to increase their chance of victory or to shorten the war or to make us more neutral by removing the advantage which a self-contained Germany may derive from the embargo, or to build up American employment, or to create needed manufacturing capacity for arms. And the embargoists are also wrong because there would be little greater temptation than at present for the Germans to bring the war to our shores, and there would be little more stimulus for war profiteering and the building up of an unsound munitions industry, or for the eventual repeal of the embargo on credits.

Our impression, based on the best information we can obtain, is that this is the case. Lifting the embargo would permit the Allies to import some war planes already ordered here, but beyond that they can obtain few munitions even if they want them, because the productive capacity is already booked up by our army and navy. They might induce American manufacturers to set up new facilities which would begin to deliver goods in two or three years' time. But will they?

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Let's have more incandescence and fewer infra-red rays.

Armed Merchantmen

Britain's decision to arm merchant ships raises delicate questions for us and other neutrals. The controlled German press contends that the presence of guns on the ships, coupled with the intention to shoot enemy submarines on sight, makes it necessary for the submarines to forgo warnings. Armed merchantmen will be treated as naval auxiliaries.

But if belligerent naval craft come into our harbors, we are bound, in terms of international law, either to intern them or to send them away again at once, without the right to load anything more than is necessary to take them to the nearest home port. Allowing British armed merchant ships to trade with us may therefore be stigmatized by Germany as a violation of neutrality. Many American experts in international law hold this view also. But Secretary of State Lansing during the last war permitted the practice, on the ground that the ships in question were only defensively armed and would not use their weapons except when attacked. The present guns, it is said, cannot shoot except through the arc of the semi-circle astern. This makes the armed ships unfit to be even commerce raiders, to say nothing of taking offensive action against warships.

The debate on the question of international law may go on endlessly without a decision; the practical question for us, however, is whether the tangle is likely to get us into trouble. If we want to be absolutely on the safe side, we will warn the British to take the guns off their ships. Then the British—and our commerce with Britain—will have to run the possibly increased risk of the British merchant marine's being swept from the seas. This would be fatal to both nations, in view of the fact that our own ships are to be forbidden to carry the trade. The risk on the other side is that Germany would force us into the war. It seems to us that the latter risk is the lesser.

Don't Fight in Our Front Yard

The Declaration of Panama, unanimously agreed to in conference by the American republics, should be an important step toward keeping the war away from this continent, by fixing a neutral zone around North and South America out of which the belligerents are warned to keep their hostilities. Modern submarines and aircraft can now operate much farther from their bases than in the last war. The United States intends to forbid American merchantmen from going into war zones at all, but we must protect them from molestation on their ordinary routes between American neutral states. If belligerent war ships—British cruisers no less than German submarines or bombers—were to infest and patrol the waters through which they ply, our necessary commerce might be hampered, and the chance of

incidents likely to involve us would be increased. What if, for instance, an American merchantman or liner not bound for Europe at all were to be sunk by mistake under our very noses? What if German submarines were to attack armed British merchantmen immediately off our coast? Or what if belligerent ships were to disguise themselves under neutral flags, and thus tempt destruction for all American shipping, even after the self-denying ordinance which will forbid it from carrying contraband to Europe? The Panama Declaration is a useful adjunct to any neutrality law.

Liars, Planes and Ships

Military experts have been waiting eagerly for this war to throw some light on the disputed question whether airplanes can destroy battleships. Unfortunately, the several conflicts between German bombers and British battleships in the past few days do not answer the question, because it is impossible to find out what really happened. Germany claims that she sank one ship, apparently the "Ark Royal," and made a direct hit on another. The British deny it, and an American naval officer has testified that he had lunch on board the "Ark Royal" after the date of the supposed sinking. The British claim they destroyed one bomber and crippled another; the Germans dispute these statements. Aside from the fact that all governments have a tendency to falsehood in wartime, there is a great obstacle to finding out the truth about the results of air raids, whether on land or sea. The country whose bombers were busy has only the word of its own pilots, operating usually from a great height, and with a natural tendency to claim success. The country whose towns or ships were the target knows exactly what damage was done, but won't tell.

Baltic Comedy

We simply cannot share the high moral fervor that is being aroused against Russia by her attacks on the so-called independence of the little Baltic states. The fact is that Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia never have been independent, except in so far as they were protected by jealousies among their powerful neighbors (Finland is of course a different story). In the beginning these Baltic states were conceived as Franco-British outposts against Russia, part of the *cordon sanitaire* that would prevent Bolshevism from spreading westward. They were the home bases for the White General Yudenich when he marched on Leningrad. After 1933, Hitler planned to take them over, again as an outpost against Russia; he made vassals of the Lithuanians when he annexed Memel last spring. Stalin asked the British to let him defend himself against the threatened attack and the British refused. Now he is defending himself in his own fashion, so far without destroying the liberty of the Baltic peoples to lead their own lives. As a matter of fact,

the treaties he offers them may actually prove advantageous to the smaller states, by bringing commerce to their idle but ice-free ports. But the real question is, against whom are the Russians planning to build naval bases in Estonia and Latvia? To that question there is only one answer. The naval bases in the Baltic are no threat to Britain or France; they are a real threat to Hitler.

An Un-American Activity

Representative Dies is sensitive to shifts in the public mood. He knows that Russia is extremely unpopular in this country just now, and has therefore decided to push his attack on the American Communists. All sorts of queer people are allowed to make all sorts of queer charges on the witness stand and their statements, some of them true, some of them doubtful and many of them false, are heralded on the front pages from one end of the country to the other. Last week, for example, a witness said Heywood Broun had been a member of the Communist Party for two years. Heywood, replying that this statement is a complete lie, pointed out that at the time he was supposed to be a member of the party, he was running for Congress on the Socialist ticket and being denounced by *The Daily Worker*, which regularly called him Hey Gin Broun.

Dies in Chicago, on October 2, caused deputy marshals to descend on Communist Party headquarters and seize their records; the old familiar "Red Raid" appears again in the headlines, recalling the days of A. Mitchell Palmer. The present atmosphere in this country is dangerous to civil liberties and Dies is making it more so. His own words in a speech in Chicago precisely fit the situation. "Fundamental rights in America, which we regard as commonplace," he said, "are now seriously threatened." O. K., Buddy, take a look in the mirror.

The Repatriation of Harlan County

The government has asked and been granted the dismissal of the anti-labor conspiracy charges against fifty-two coal companies and individuals of Harlan County, Kentucky, but that doesn't mean it has lost the case. As a result of the first trial—which ended in a hung jury—and of continued federal investigation, Harlan County has at last been cleaned up. The first trial cost the government close to a quarter of a million dollars, and it seems unlikely that a second one would have resulted in convictions, but the main objective has been gained. The Harlan County Coal Operators' Association has signed union contracts. Special United States Attorney General Welly K. Hopkins told the court that "the impossible and medieval industrial system which the operators had sworn to perpetuate is ended." This is a fine positive achievement for the Department of Justice, and there is no reason why it should not be followed by others

equally valuable. As a next step, we may recommend to the Department that it investigate the death of Phil Carey, a member of the Gulf district committee of the National Maritime Union, who was murdered in New Orleans by three unidentified men, while sitting in a car talking with friends.

Montana on the Firing Line

The University of Montana is in the headlines again. Several times in recent years there have been charges that its president, Dr. George F. Simmons, has dismissed members of his faculty in violation of the principles of academic freedom. In one case, that of the librarian, Philip Keeney, an appeal was taken as far as the Montana Supreme Court, which vindicated Mr. Keeney and ordered him reinstated. Since then, it is said, Dr. Simmons has tried to humiliate him and restrict his duties, to force him to resign.

Now comes the news that President Simmons has summarily dismissed five members of the faculty, as of October 15. We do not know these gentlemen, but from independent sources in Montana we learn that several of them are brilliant scholars and sound teachers, who have worked successfully at the university for periods ranging up to twenty-eight years. The Montana State Federation of Labor and many civic groups are protesting against the dismissal, and it is hoped that they can create sufficient uproar to force President Simmons to reconsider. Meanwhile, you may be sure the same thing will happen at Montana that took place at the University of Pittsburgh and other institutions that have put muzzles on the faculty. The good men will go elsewhere. No one will stay at Montana except yes-men, who will nervously instruct in the safer elements of the safer subjects, listening for the president's step in the hall.

Like a Noble Roman

Said the office pest, who had been talking far too much anyhow: "When one considers how the British government threw away one advantage after another, during the years before this war, one wonders how its leaders have the nerve to look their people in the face. Harakiri has gone out of fashion, even in Japan; but we might at least suggest that Chamberlain should fall on his umbrella."

News Notes of a Week

On September 30, the first anniversary of the Munich agreement for "peace in our time," the Second World War was a month old. . . . The Soviet Union made rapid moves to extend her influence over the small Baltic states. Foreign Minister Karl Selter of Estonia left Moscow September 29, after signing a mutual-assistance pact. Foreign Minister Dr. Wilhelm Munters of Latvia arrived in Moscow October 2 and Foreign Minister Jousas Urbsys of Lithu-

ania was expected to arrive the next day, for similar negotiations. . . . Dr. Sukru Saracoglu, the Foreign Minister of Turkey, was in Moscow, and thought to be acting as unofficial spokesman for the Balkan states, on which the USSR was also putting diplomatic pressure. . . . Russia was reported to have sent 300,000 troops into the Sinkiang province of China, where they were in position either to strike at India, or to move in support of the Chinese. But the reports came from Japanese sources, notoriously weak on figures.

In the largest National Labor Relations Board election ever held, 80 percent of the 50,000 men voting chose the United Auto Workers, CIO, as their union in all but two minor units of the Chrysler Motors Company. . . . Although negotiations were at a standstill and contracts expired September 30, the West Coast waterfront employers and the International Warehousemen's and Longshoremen's Union agreed to keep working under the present contracts until new ones could be agreed on. . . . Supporters of England and France, who had been confident of victory, were shaken by President Hoover's statement that "the Allies can't lose."

Mme. Tabouis' Current Article

The article by Mme. Tabouis which immediately follows the editorial section was written just after the war broke out, and was held up for several weeks by the French censor. It is published now because we do not believe its interest has been reduced by the delay.

The Peace Offensive

HITLER is consistent, at least for a period of thirty days. He started the war in order, so he said, to take back from Poland territory formerly German. As soon as this aim was accomplished, he began the effort to make peace with England and France. The first attempt of this sort, two weeks ago, was spoiled by the advance announcement that any offer he might make would be rejected. This week it was promised from Berlin that a new proposal would be made, backed up by Russia's present status—whatever that is. The predictions suggested peace on a basis of the status quo, except that a small and landlocked state would be created in Poland as a means of softening the blow to the British and French.

No offer of peace, under any circumstances, can be lightly thrust aside. War is so terrible in itself that it is very nearly true—but not quite—that there never was a good war or a bad peace. We all know now that the generous aims with which some countries sometimes go to war are speedily lost sight of, so that the struggle becomes on both sides an elemental fight to survive. We know too that "civilized" warfare no longer has much reality, that faced with the threat of

defeat there are few inhuman methods to which every country will not stoop. All these things are as well known to the French and British publics, and their leaders, as to the Americans. Why then are Hitler's successive peace proposals rejected so decisively even before they have been made?

The answer is that what Der Führer proposes is not peace but an armistice. Nothing is more certain than the fact that his program is not completed. If the British and French were persuaded now to lay down their arms, in six months Hitler would be demanding Alsace and Lorraine, with all the phenomena that accompanied the seizure of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia and the opening stages of the struggle for Danzig. If they yielded for the sake of peace, six months later it would be Eupen-Malmedy in Belgium; six months more, Schleswig in Denmark; six months more, perhaps the Austrian Tyrol in Italy, or the whole of Hungary, or the former German colonies. Hitler's ambition is boundless, and he does not shrink from war as do the leaders of the democracies, brought up in a very different world from his. Peace, to him, is a time when you get what you want by threatening to fight; in war you get it by fighting. Everyone now knows that his promises are valueless; that you could not demobilize an army on the basis of any document that he signs.

For some weeks there have been romantic stories from Germany that Hitler was prepared to step aside, if the Allies insist, and leave the guidance of the Third Reich in other hands. Such a retirement would mean nothing if he stayed within the boundaries of Germany. Even today, his influence is almost entirely personal and extra-legal. Should he offer to be exiled to some remote St. Helena, there is still no guarantee that a Goering or a Hess, succeeding him, would not rule over a Germany with which the rest of the world would find it equally impossible to live.

Another reason why it is too early for a genuine discussion of peace terms is because this war as a whole has not yet passed from the political to the military stage. Hitler offers peace on the assumption that he has won, but this assumption the Allies are bound at present to reject. The outcome of the war seems likely to depend in a military sense on how many countries eventually join, and on which side. To join, in this sense, they do not need to send soldiers into battle; economic partisanship may be more important than providing men to pull triggers or release bombs. The Allies certainly would not accept a peace on Hitler's terms until they knew whether Russia really stands beside him or is merely watching him flounder deeper into the mire, to her own ultimate benefit. What will Italy do? Count Ciano's visit to Hitler on October 2 was interpreted as indicating a rift between the two original members of the Axis. Hitler was demanding unequivocal support, and Mussolini is ex-

tremely reluctant to grant it, especially when he is not sure that there is any limit to the German ambitions in southeastern Europe.

Again, what will Turkey do? Will she be able to maintain real neutrality, as she appears to be trying desperately to do, or will she be drawn into the Russian sphere of influence along with Finland and the Baltic countries and perhaps Rumania and Bulgaria as well? Where is Japan going? And most important of all, what about the United States? Unless England and France believe that they are losing, and must make peace at once lest the terms grow worse as the days go by—and obviously they believe no such thing—it is elementary good sense for them to calculate the total forces on their side and on the other before they consent to terms of peace which at best would mean the death of nearly all the values they most cherished in old Europe.

The Allies, nevertheless, have not discharged their whole obligation when they have refused Hitler's terms. They should be just as anxious as are their enemies to end the war at the earliest moment; they owe it to themselves and to the world to say what counter-proposals they are prepared to make. Hitler, in offering his peace terms, is partly animated by the desire to consolidate his position at home, to show the German people that he is really pacific in intent and that the wicked Allies refuse to listen to him. There is no reason why England and France should allow him this advantage; why they should not state their terms in such a way that the German people will be reassured as to the consequences to themselves if they should decide to cast in their lot with Hitler's enemies. Doubtless the Allies are not prepared now to describe in all detail the sort of peace they would like to see made in Europe; but they can certainly give us an indication of the general outline and tendency of that peace. The sooner they do so, the better for all concerned.

Communist Imperialism

A GOOD MANY OF THE PEOPLE who are morally outraged at the behavior of Soviet Russia are so because they have been naïve enough to take communist propaganda at its face value. Because of the constant iteration from official party sources, the unwary assumed that the leaders in the Kremlin really believed in democracy, that they regarded Hitler and Nazism as the greatest menace to the world, and that in order to scotch that menace they were ready to support even imperialist, capitalist democracies like Britain and France. Far less gullible persons believed Stalin's reiterated assurances that the Soviet Union did not want one inch of anybody else's territory. It seemed reasonable that his government would have nothing to do

with the "dirty" imperialist game of power politics. That was likely on the basis even of realistic devotion to the socialist cause, since, as far as resources went, the Soviet Union had become a "satisfied" power, not dependent on foreign trade. And converts to socialism cannot easily be made by invading armies. Trotsky discovered that in Poland in 1920, and it had been understood ever since then that the Soviet government had renounced aggressive adventures even in the name of socialism itself.

It should have been remembered all the time that if communists joined democratic and popular fronts, it was because it served their strategic purpose to do so, not because they cherished democratic ideals. Their help could safely be accepted on this basis, but it was indiscreet, on the part of those who did so, to regard the communists as dependable allies or to expect them not to shift when the interests of their movement demanded a new line. Likewise it was clear to the discerning that the worldwide communist drive against Nazism and fascism, coupled with support for collective security, was not really the ideological crusade that it appeared to be, but rather a means of winning allies for the Soviet Union in case she should be attacked by the Third Reich, coupled with a means of discouraging such attack. When the rulers of the Soviet Union discovered that they could better protect their country by abandoning hostility toward the Nazis, it was a matter of course that they would do so. Those who had held these perceptions steadily in their minds had less reason to be shocked by the turn of events.

Even American, French and British Communists seem to have been taken in by their own propaganda, and so were totally unprepared for what happened. But the loyal ones lost no time in returning to the basic directive of service to the interests of the Soviet state, and are rightly pointing out the naïveté of those who are unable to see that this is the lodestone of communist policy.

We have a right to be more surprised by the reversal of policy which includes conquest of territory by armed force. The editors disagree with the statement in the communication by James Benét on page 272 of this issue that such a shift is perfectly understandable in the light of true Leninism. Lenin was far from being a nationalist, and he most decidedly did not sanction armed conquest even for "socialist liberation." That smacks too much of Napoleon. It is one thing to send Red troops to help workers and peasants who are already seething with revolt, and quite another to march uninvited into foreign territory, the inhabitants of which have never expressed a desire for Soviet rule.

It is doubtful whether the Polish Ukrainians, even the oppressed peasants, would have chosen to be governed from the Kremlin. They may become reconciled to Russian rule through hatred for the old Polish land-owning class, or again they may plot to form a free

Ukrainian nation. Certainly the inhabitants of a state like Estonia, which has almost no proletariat and whose peasants own their land, would rather govern themselves than be chained to the Soviet chariot. Here again the future is in doubt, since Stalin has promised not to interfere with their internal affairs. But the farther he goes in the direction of forcible annexation, the farther behind he leaves Lenin. The most disconcerting development of recent Soviet policy is this tendency toward national aggrandizement as opposed to socialist action of the masses. As long as nationalism could be identified with protection of socialism within the Soviet Union, it was easier to justify, but its extension into communist imperialism puts the Soviet state in this respect on all fours with those wicked capitalist nations which have also had such excellent strategic and humanitarian rationalizations for their conquests of alien populations.

If, then, we regard Stalin and his government realistically, as a dictatorship, playing the imperialist game as shrewdly as any, their actions appear in a clearer light. We shall also be less surprised by future events. So far, it is obvious that he has gained tremendously in power. In our first editorial on the non-aggression pact with Germany, we called it "Stalin's Munich," and pointed out that Stalin could win from it the same kind of temporary advantage that Chamberlain hoped to achieve by his surrender. Stalin has far surpassed our expectations in this respect. He has succeeded where Chamberlain failed. Chamberlain hoped to turn Hitler against the east and remain in a benevolent neutrality, picking up prizes while the two great dictatorships weakened each other by war. Hitler would not then oblige. Stalin, however, has neatly turned the trick. Hitler is virtually his prisoner and must let him have everything he asks—so long as Britain and France continue to fight. He has annexed a big slice of Poland and made the small Baltic states his unquestioned sphere of influence. There is a possibility that he will do the same in the Balkans.

In the same editorial we expressed the further opinion that in the long term Stalin's policy was just as foolish as Chamberlain's, since Nazi Germany was bound in the end to turn on Russia, and it would be fatal to strengthen Hitler. At that time we did not guess how swiftly and how greatly Stalin would be able to benefit himself at Hitler's expense. The opinion may have to be revised. Whether it is revised or not depends on the policy which Stalin henceforth pursues. If, after entrenching himself in eastern and southeastern Europe, he fails to render effective help to Hitler and allows him to be defeated, the Soviet Union may gain a change of regime in Germany and an inoffensive neighbor with whom she can cement a lasting economic partnership.

But Stalin may have more ambitious and more far-reaching plans still. He may desire the defeat of Britain

and France for the same reason that they desire the defeat of Germany—because he does not trust their rulers and expects sooner or later to become the victim of their hostility, unless revolutionary regimes, such as their defeat might bring forth, are set up. It is rumored that he has already had proof of British Tories' designs in the form of suggestions to Hitler that he turn his hostility eastward—suggestions made during the era of appeasement. And Stalin may believe that if Hitler accepts Russian military help on the western front, on the sea and in the air, the Reich will become more a Soviet vassal than ever. Certainly the presence of Russian soldiers in Germany would make the Nazis more defenseless against communist propaganda than before. If this is the game the Kremlin decides to play, and if Germany lets it be played, the outlook for the western democracies is darker.

It is, on the whole, difficult to believe that so shrewd a ruler would run the risks involved in so overplaying his hand. After all, Stalin has much more to fear from a victorious Germany than from a victorious England. Britain could not effectively strike at the Soviet Union except through Germany, and a defeated and prostrate Reich would scarcely aid her in such an attempt, even if after the war the British wanted to make it. But a conquering German army might not be entirely easy for Stalin to domesticate. Stalin, to be sure, by entering on a precarious course of military aggression has already thrown away the great imponderable strength hitherto provided by Soviet moral prestige among the common people of the world. Nevertheless one would think that he would consolidate his present gains rather than send Red Army soldiers into battle so far from their own soil and in so precarious a cause. Misfortune in such an endeavor might endanger the Soviet State itself.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Bolshevized Germany?

THE GOVERNMENTS that have succeeded one another in France since May 5, 1935, when the Franco-Russian pact was signed, have always reproached their predecessors for not having gotten the maximum benefit from the alliance. None succeeded in squaring the circle, that is to say, in bringing about a close union of the external policies and the military forces of the two countries, while at the same time continuing the struggle against communism within France herself.

Today the news coming from the different embassies in Berlin shows that Hitler is up against the same problem. But in France there was no danger in tolerating communism, given the freedom of thought and the general prosperity of the nation. The question is whether it is not a mortal danger for the Hitler regime and for Germany to allow communism to spread among the Nazi masses. During the last days of August, Hitler had long conferences with the head of the Gestapo, his aide Heiderich, Major Buch, Rosenberg and Hess concerning the effect of the Russian pact on the German people in case of war.

It was decided to send secret circulars to the police departments, the leaders of the SS and the heads of the constabulary. In these Hitler gave the daring order to use the Communists for official war propaganda, with the slogan, "The proletarian states against the capitalist nations." He declared that it was essential to emphasize the similarity of governments by the masses, such as the Third Reich and the USSR, but he added that any propaganda for the communist thesis itself, and in particular all discussions on the subject of the rights of workers, should be suppressed.

The pact had hardly been signed before the Communists began distributing tracts signed "KPD" (Communist Party of Germany). These tracts were, from the Russian standpoint, perfectly logical; they put the German people on guard against Hitler who, after all, remains the enemy of the Communist masses. So the Führer gave orders to the SS to take action against the Communists. This is what the tracts say:

Above all the Soviet Union is working for universal social peace. Hitler wants war. The Soviet Union makes pacts in order to defend peace. Hitler makes pacts for war.

Long live the Soviet Union. Down with Hitler.

KPD, HAMBURG

On Tuesday morning, August 29, Hitler had violent discussions with Goebbels and Ribbentrop about the political effect inside the Reich of the Soviet alliance. Goebbels asked the Führer: "Don't you see that Stalin, after having failed to get his Trojan horse into the democracies by using the slogan of the Popular Front, is now trying to get it into Germany?"

That challenging question infuriated Ribbentrop, who expressed his opinion that the Führer should at-

tack Poland the following day. He added that to make immediate war the Reich needed Russia and that consequently interior political considerations were secondary. But Goebbels retorted that if Ribbentrop's Russian alliance was to continue, the Führer must tolerate, willy-nilly, a certain amount of Bolshevik action in Germany. Goebbels maintained that the pact had weakened the regime by making it almost impossible, in case of war, to suppress Soviet propaganda.

The next day, August 31, Hitler called another conference among Goebbels, Ribbentrop and Himmler. To the Führer's stupefaction, Himmler agreed with Goebbels' apprehensions, emphasizing that in Germany official attacks on the Communists had become much more difficult since the pact. What was above all essential, he said, was to avoid a prolonged war, because during a long war Russian propaganda could become extremely dangerous. He added that it was true that today there no longer existed in Germany a solid base for maintaining an anti-bolshevist campaign. Hitler replied that he was strong enough to localize the war in Poland, that France and England would arrive too late to support Warsaw and that he was in agreement with Italy for Rome to bargain for her neutrality on the best terms she could obtain, including the greatest possible concessions from France and England (Jibuti, the Sudan, rectification of the frontiers of southern Tunisia and British Somaliland). Afterward the Führer could do what he wanted against the Communists while maintaining an economic and military liaison with the USSR.

Because of Goebbels' attitude, Hitler has excluded him from the Defense Council of the Reich. But most of the diplomats still on duty in Berlin think Goebbels was right, and so do part of the General Staff, who declare openly: "When we are really at war and the German people have been sufficiently undermined, Stalin will turn to the democracies and aid in the defeat of Greater Germany." Thus it would not seem that—despite the daily fantastic rhythm of 12,000 arrests by the SS, bringing the total to nearly 800,000—the Gestapo will succeed where the democracies failed.

In Paris everyone agrees that Stalin realized that, if he signed a pact with the democracies, Hitler would not dare attack, and the democracies would still less dare to take steps to rid the world once and for all of Hitlerism, and above all of the hegemony of Greater Germany. Accordingly he decided to give his aid to the Führer, hoping to lead him into a war in which Stalin had deliberately planned to betray him. French leaders believe Stalin is pursuing a course that will end the rivalry between Germany and the USSR rather than one that will ensure the triumph of communism. But communism will be his best means of attacking the weak internal structure of Germany. Once again Goebbels was right.

Paris

GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

The Invisible War

THE AGE of great war correspondents is now closed. This is one of the few prophecies that can safely be made about the present and as yet unnamed war. Less and less room will be made for the reportorial adventurer as the struggle proceeds. Army commands will close loopholes to the news-sleuth, while the censors will take everything away from him but a few stilted and woolly-looking photos that might have come from the pile of Civil War daguerreotypes in the attic. Yet we need not lament this development, which has been foreshadowed ever since the Ethiopian campaign. Even if the correspondent could get close to the fronts, or were trained to observe what lay before him—something rarely enough the case—he would find less and less to look at. The warfare of today is virtually unseeable.

The decreasing visibility of modern war may be dated from the Boer and Russo-Japanese conflicts. Battlefields have grown emptier. Armies, indeed, consume far vaster quantities of munitions and other goods today than ever before, but the huge maneuvers of economic strategy go on behind the fronts, outside the range of the camera lens. Besides, this warfare of materials, though so heavily emphasized nowadays, is far from being the whole story. Armies do not move on their stomachs alone—the Napoleonic dictum was but a half-truth. They move on their own convictions, and on the fervor of the peoples that support them. The building of national morale, the shifts of mass sentiment at home as well as in the field, are as vital as the movements of goods and troops on the actual arena. War still involves, as much as ever, the invisible and imponderable. To estimate the strength or weakness of the fighting powers, therefore, involves a calculation of these subtle factors, which we may call *constants* of war.

The discipline and national morale of the three major belligerents of Europe appeared to be as good, at least in the initial stages of the war, as they were in August, 1914. Man for man, the armies of France, Britain and Germany are probably about equal. All three countries, as great industrial powers of approximately equal skills, have been able to organize excellent troops, not only well fed but well *moralized*, inspired by strong and largely national convictions; moreover, as far as class composition goes, they are much alike. The good army today, though animated by unity of ideal and aim, must be actually a mixture of the industrial and rural workers, the one contributing the technologist, with a certain, if limited, gift of initiative, the latter providing the stamina and endurance for the hard and humdrum labor of modern warfare. The officer body must likewise present a nice

psychological balance, being well educated but not exclusive, highly trained technically yet not too aloof from the rank and file. In all these respects, the three warring powers are on a level, as they were in the last war. This time, however, the dismaying and demoralizing nationality problems were on the Allied side, in Poland, where it appeared that Germans who had served in the Polish army as officers, probably of the reserve, turned quickly to fight alongside of the invading Germans. Such a situation ominously recalls that of the old polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire, when Czech battalions ran over to the Russians as early as August and September, 1914.

Many observers of military affairs had been afraid that a strong Moscow-centered communism would work for disintegration in much the same way, though in different nations, as Pan-Slavism in 1914-17. Stalin has changed all that. One of the immediate effects of the Nazi-Soviet pact has already been to eliminate communism and class warfare as a source of internal dissension and weakness in wartime among the Allies. As a French paper wrote after the publication of the pact, the French nation vomited Stalinism within a few hours after the announcement. An even more momentous result of the pact, whether calculated or not by the Nazis, was the complete consternation caused in the opposition to Hitler on the Left in Germany when faced with this abrupt change of front. What now becomes of Lenin's *mot d'ordre* of 1914, that each comrade's duty is to work for the defeat of his own country? How are they to understand Russia's march into Poland? Has not communism turned back into a Pan-Slavism that is more exclusively Russian than it ever was before? Owing to the difficulty of disseminating information among the underground workers of the opposition in Germany, Communists there cannot be taught so easily as American Communists to relearn their lessons and accept this "Unholy Alliance," as it has been called, between Hitler and Stalin. The consequence will be complete ideological chaos, a void that Germany's governors will try to fill by a so-called field-gray socialism, consisting of such measures as the stoppage of pay for overtime work, and by victories in the field.

So long as victory bulletins come in, all will be quiet on the home front in Germany. Only if victory is delayed will opposition reassert itself. Then the hour will arrive for politics, which, though supposed to be silent *inter arma*, is sure to have a larger role in this than in most other wars. Then the British will have the opportunity to work on the fissures within the German set-up, pointing out to the dissenting groups that their enemies are identical: the Nazis and, per-

haps, the Communists. The German people may be promised a tolerable peace as soon as the present governors are removed. This invitation must obviously be directed to the army, which alone is in a position to remove the Brown pest, as it once bade the Kaiser leave. Channels for such persuasion are, it may be said, already open. The army will be inclined to listen, however, only when it is sure that complete victory is unobtainable. It cannot be too much emphasized that propaganda, that overtouted weapon, is not effective upon a winning party; in the last war, Allied propaganda did not crush German morale, but merely canalized dissatisfaction after defeat appeared inevitable.

If it be protested that discussion of this contingency is premature, it should be remembered that, up to now, the only proclaimed war aim of the Allies is the removal of the Nazi Party from the face of Europe and that this party must not only be beaten in the field but dislodged at home as well. Furthermore, the Nazi Party itself is looking ahead to conceivable emergencies. It is fully aware of possible dissension at home, which has broken out before, largely centered about the problem of selecting the Supreme War Lord in wartime—whether it is to be Hitler or some general. This problem has been settled only formally so far. Consequently the SS, as the Nazis' own political army, has been more and more fully armed. The five SS divisions include not only an artillery regiment apiece but a company of sappers each and a communications troop, as well as anti-tank formations. When Hitler had his troops march into Austria and the Sudetenland, the important, though disgusting, services of the military police were assumed by the SS; but when Czecho-Slovakia was finally liquidated in March, the regular army took care to provide its own M.P. The party and army are preparing for a possible struggle against each other. The Nazis are realistic enough to envisage a second war, one raging along the home fronts, and they believe themselves as well prepared for this contingency as for war in the field.

Weaknesses in the German military machine and its totalitarian scheme of war will not be evident for some time, but they might be revealed if the war should be greatly prolonged. On the whole, the organization of this machine is better from the standpoint of thought than of material, using the word in its widest sense; its kinetic energy is greater than its potential energy, its fitness consequently greater for the *Blitzkrieg* than for the war of attrition. Compared with the French army the Germans are under-officered and under-staffed; the reduction suffered from 1918 to 1933, if not longer, has not yet been made up. The officer body is far less homogeneous than either the French and British or that of the old Imperial Army; it is divided between two main types, one resembling the Old Prussian, the other the Nazi careerist.

No doubt the field-gray masses are as obedient as Germans are in most situations and under most regimes that know how to command. But they are not so strong, so energy-laden, so long enduring as the marvelous army that rushed to war in 1914. Physically and mentally, German manhood has been overtaxed and underfed for several years. As in Russia, the army authorities have indeed tried to feed the soldiers, and they certainly comprise a relatively pampered group. But public health as a whole is decaying as malnutrition and the neglect of public-health services proceed; this is indicated by the rise of mortality under Nazi rule. In large cities, the death rate increased from 10.6 per 1,000 inhabitants before Hitler to 11 in 1934; it was 12.1 in 1936 and 13.4 in 1939 (on the basis of half-yearly statistics). The war rations for civilians introduced on August 28 reveal a reduction of about 30 percent as compared with the average per-capita consumption in 1938, and now offer for the week only 1.4 liters of milk, 420 grams of fat and cheese, 700 grams of meat, 280 grams of sugar, 32 grams of coffee. On September 22, these rations were still further reduced to 332 grams of fat and cheese, 500 of meat and 250 of sugar. Only 150 grams of soap are available for the month. This is no happy augury for those generals who know that the German army of 1918 was defeated by hunger under the belt, and not by a stab in the back, as the anti-Weimar orators maintained.

It is evident that an effective blockade would be felt by Germany far earlier now than in the last war. Can Russian resources save the economy of Germany, which is no less undermined by pre-war exertions than is the German health? Certain materials like petroleum and manganese could probably be spared by Russia, through further short-rationing of the Russian people and economy. But the transportation problem is an extremely difficult one to solve, because of the shift from water to rail often involved. In the search for new trade routes, the two countries are reported to be considering even "the possibility of transporting some goods by air." As a consequence, the Third Reich will put adjoining small neutrals under heavy pressure to furnish some of the needed war materials, and will gear Polish economy to her own as rapidly as possible. Even these new conquests, added to that of Czecho-Slovakia, should not be overestimated, however. Though Polish labor may rescue German agriculture, so sorely undermanned, it is not highly industrialized. And Germany's efforts to achieve autarchy have created an abnormal demand for skilled workers, as well as for increased coal-mining, on which most of the *ersatz* industries are based. Artificial oil and rubber call for more men in factories and mines, competing with the demands of the army. Thus the absorption of so much additional labor by the autarchical plans of Germany has to no small extent

offset her natural superiority in numbers over France. The great disadvantage of the French, their low birth rate, may be compensated for in this fashion, as well as by the use of their numerous Colonials.

In hurling the German forces against Poland, Hitler not only won these economic objectives, but met the wishes long harbored by the army. From the first, ever since the Armistice of 1918, Poland has been chosen by the Reichswehr as its predestined foe. And a well selected victim it was. With a mobilization period of sixty days, recalling that of Tsarist Russia, it was inevitable that a sudden attack would catch Polish troops in or near their peacetime garrisons in the more densely populated districts of the west rather than along the only defensible line, that of the Narew-Vistula-San. The Germans knew they had found an enemy whose staff brains worked in an even more leisurely way than the legs and arms of its slow-moving peasant troops; Polish officers fondly imagined that their proximity to Berlin, only a few miles away as the airplane flies, was a menace to Germany, instead of a convenience for her. Although Poland's preparedness assuredly suffered from lack of national wealth and resources, it suffered even more from the quasi-feudal mentality of its governors, whose convictions and home interests made them cling to the outmoded cavalry and resist the lessons of the World War, including motorization and even trench-digging.

For the débâcle in Poland, moreover, it is not possible to blame "civilian interference." The ubiquitous "Colonels," with the constantly invoked image of Pilsudski behind them, managed not only the army but the country as well. These officers came not merely from the nobility but even more largely from the relatively small middle class of Poland, who, unlike their kind in other countries, sought uniforms rather than success in business or professions; thus no one was left in the land to point out, at least, the weaknesses in the war system. No group, no independent institution, could provide this civilian criticism. Nationalist egomania also obstinately declined advice from an ally who had helped Poland in 1920 more than the latter was willing to admit. In the spectacle of the Polish war machine, accordingly, we have a dire example of the consequences of unconditional army rule—of almost pure militarist government—to an army and to a country run by an army. Not Germany but Poland is the frightful epitome of militarism.

If the *Finis Poloniae* this time is due to Polish militarism, the threat to Britain's further imperial, if not actual national existence, will be due to the civilianism of her governors, which is as much a political vice, or source of weakness, as militarism can be. The selection of Poland as a continental ally in 1939 instead of the Czecho-Slovakia of 1938 is in itself the clearest indication of the military ineptitude of the ruling classes

of Britain as a whole, as well as of the Chamberlains themselves, whose relations to the services have so far largely restricted themselves to "contracting." Military interests are no longer, as they once were, close to and identical with the interests of England's governors; since the last war, success in which was after all largely due to figures like Lord Haldane, the wealthy and aristocratic groups have turned almost completely away from the military sphere to trade and finance. This change only reinforced their old overestimation of sea power, which lasted well into this year. It was a diabolical joke that the Germans played on them in 1935, when they agreed to a limitation on sea armaments, which, at the time, gave Germany the blessing of the British navy for her frantic preparations on land and in the air. The British navy acted and reacted at that period as a vested interest and as the historical "senior service," rather than as a branch, constantly diminishing in importance, of the total of an up-to-date striking force. No doubt British sea power will still play its important role in war, though not through its costly and wasteful big tubs but rather through the medium of those insignificant boats that can enforce the blockade and fight the submarine. But the effectiveness of this blockade will not begin until the Germans have lost another Battle of the Marne, such as stopped the rush of Germany's intended *Blitzkrieg* in 1914.

The introduction of conscription was a sign of Britain's belated recognition of the neglected land and air powers. The longer the struggle is protracted, the greater will be their development; unlike Germany's, England's strength will grow with delay. Thanks largely to British unpreparedness, however, this war, if the Allies decide to fight it out, will be as wasteful as others in which Britain has participated (and won) and more so than the average war, in which, as Henry Adams pessimistically thought, "every ounce of energy put into it is three-fourths waste." Will the French be the great economizers in the right spot? The entrusting of the Supreme Command on land to France is the first step toward this, the right direction. For in concentration on land-power defensive would rest practically the only hope of the Allies to achieve victory.

What the World War demonstrated in itself and for the future was the immense relative increase of the land-power defensive over other forms of power. Without the misleading writings of the Mahan school and the dreadnought-building race, this would have been obvious even before the Dardanelles attack and the Jutland battle, which finally demonstrated the futility of Western hopes for the sea-power offensive. The immediate reliance of the Western Powers will have to be placed on this land defensive; and, in fact, they are already congratulating themselves upon the strength of the Maginot Line, which, by the way, was a creation of civilian imagination. Concentration on this defensive power will allow them to organize

as fully for war as the Germans were organized, and to obtain allies, although none with immediate high military value is yet in sight. If it is not too late—a phrase which, in war even more than in peace, expresses the irreparable—the Maginot Line will be for quite some time to come, not a jumping board for

Allied strength, but a sheltering *limes* like that protecting the aging Roman Empire. Is it really as late as the Russo-Germans seem to think, as they carve up Poland? Has the hour arrived for the new division of the world, foretold in “Mein Kampf”?

ALFRED VAGTS

The Russian Riddle

FEW ENGLISH PROGRESSIVES were surprised when Russia appropriated the Polish borderlands, though the Soviet Embassy had issued a contemptuous denial on the day before she marched. The shock was none the less severe. Apart from moral considerations, an anxious question immediately confronted us. Would the victims invoke the Anglo-Polish Treaty of alliance against the aggressor? In that event, would England and France find themselves automatically at war with Russia within a few days or hours? For that possibility she was herself prepared, since she had taken the precaution of recalling her ships from British ports. This fear was happily dissipated when the Ministry of Information issued its terse but significant communiqué. Its silence answered our question.

Reading between the lines, one may privately put this unofficial gloss upon it. The unhappy government of Poland is now a fugitive, and it has not itself declared war on Russia. The responsibility falls, therefore, on London and Paris to choose the course that serves the common cause. Manifestly the most fatal step they could take would be to convert Russia into a determined belligerent. She has announced her own neutrality. One may view her conduct with equal anxiety and contempt, but so long as she herself stops short of entering Hitler's camp, the only sane course is to respect her singular neutrality. That is the view of common sense and the view of Downing Street.

To take this immediate decision was easy. But most of us are baffled when we try to forecast what Stalin's policy will eventually be. The guess that I had ventured in a previous article must now be discarded. I had supposed that Stalin, by his pact with Germany, sought to secure his Western frontier, in order to gain a free hand in the Far East. The truce with Japan in Mongolia forbids that interpretation. On the contrary, what Stalin is bent, for the moment, on doing is to round off his possessions in the West. The territory he gains at Poland's expense is of modest value, for much of it is forest and marsh. But it removes a threat to his possession of the Ukraine. It is also possible and even probable that he may use his liberty of action against the Baltic States and Rumania.

This appetite for territory means that he has flung away the last relics of Lenin's tradition. It happens that I was at the headquarters of the Red Army at

Minsk in 1920, when this frontier was originally drawn. So far from haggling with the Poles, Lenin actually encouraged them to claim too much. From that day to this, Russia renounced all interest in this population. But Stalin has reverted to the conventional standpoint of Russian nationalism. The world is no longer his parish. He is thinking, as Tsarist statesmen used to think, about ice-free ports and the inclusion within his realm of all the Slavs who speak languages that can be classed as Russian. Since he has also to solve the problem of maintaining himself in power, it seems that he relies on two titles to the gratitude of his subjects. First, he will boast that he kept them out of war. Second, he will claim that he has made Russia stronger and richer than she was. By adopting this nationalist attitude he has flung away the old claim to the leadership of the European working class. If by another sudden reversal of policy he should ever seek to revive it, he will speak to deaf ears.

This tentative reading of Russian policy is, from the standpoint of the democracies, a relatively hopeful hypothesis. It means that Stalin's entente with Hitler has its reserves, and will last no longer than momentary interests dictate. Russia's exportable surplus of oil and wheat is inconsiderable. She could increase it by stinting her own consumption and by reorganizing her economic life with the aid of German experts. But unless it were essential to her purposes to further a German victory, there is no reason why she should go out of her way to frustrate the Allied blockade. On the assumption that she is playing solely for her own hand, she cannot wish that Germany should emerge from this war stronger than she is today. My own guess is, therefore, that she will dole out her supplies of manganese, timber and other materials in return only for value received. But this calculation would be upset, if the democracies were to treat her an enemy. That is a form of suicide they mean to avoid.

The consequences of Stalin's action are none the less a source of painful anxiety. Japan can now do as she pleases. Turkey, which had not finally completed her arrangements with the Allies, has now an additional reason for hesitation. It is unlikely that she will risk any commitments that might bring her into conflict with Russia—a situation that might arise if Stalin has designs on Bessarabia. Again, Turkey and Italy are a

linked pair of opponents, who must watch each other's moves. If Turkey should, in the end, decide to remain neutral, one of the fears would be removed which at present restrain the more decided friends of Germany in Rome from active belligerency. Stalin, in short, has made a problem of infinite complexity, not merely for London and Paris, but for Rome and Angora as well.

The amazing thing is, as I look around me, that this English nation, faces the unknown with a steady will and a stout heart. It has many blunders to regret but it has set its course. It will risk everything to preserve the moral values of Western civilization. The stake is nothing other and nothing less.

London (by air-mail)

H. N. BRAILSFORD

The End of the Reasoning Man: II

THE HISTORY OF THOUGHT for the last eighty years might be centered around the attack on the abstract conception of the Reasoning Man as the basis of social philosophy. That attack was a slow and complicated process, and could be described in its details only by someone familiar with all the scientific and historical problems involved in it. Still, with the passage of time, its general outlines are becoming reasonably easy to grasp.

One might say that it began by accident. After the middle of the nineteenth century, an army of students scattered into the separate sciences, almost like bees leaving the hive at daybreak in search of honey. It was a period of busy researches in all fields, but especially in those having to do with the present and past of the human species. Darwin had inspired a host of followers. There were important discoveries in biology and paleontology, in anthropology and archeology, in animal and human ecology, in the psychology of animals, children and the insane, in economic and cultural history, in social and political behavior. Each line of research was followed quite independently. There were, it is true, some efforts to smuggle ideas from one scientific field into another. Sociologists in particular would try to apply physical or biological principles to their own problems, without realizing that when the first law of thermodynamics or the theory of natural selection is torn from its proper context, it becomes merely a metaphor, and often a misleading metaphor. But in general each scientific worker applied himself to his own half-acre of his own field, finding and cultivating and labeling facts like rare flowers in a botanical garden.

The process of dispersion into specialized fields reached its height in the years preceding the World War. In those same years people began to complain of it. Observing the contrast between the order existing in the separate sciences and the utter confusion in the world outside, they called on the scientists for principles that would serve them as guides through chaos. The scientists at first resisted the call. As citizens they held their own opinions, like everybody else, and were sometimes only too eager to proclaim them; but as scientists they had no moral or political theories to offer, except an unquestioning faith in the scientific method. Part of their strength, they believed, lay in

their detachment from practical life. Part of their method consisted in postponing conclusions while piling up facts and yet more facts.

But the time came when conclusions could no longer be evaded. And the time also came when even the newer sciences began to be systematized and simplified, began to grope toward broader principles that could guide researches in many fields, began to arrange themselves into a general pattern of scientific thought. In the years just after the War, "outlines" and "stories" of knowledge became vastly popular. Besides the importance for the lay public of books like "The Outline of History" and "Mathematics for the Million," they indicated that a new development was taking place inside the scientific world. The process of dispersion was finally giving way to a process of concentration. At nightfall, one might say, the bees were returning to the hive with the honey they had gathered.

And now a curious phenomenon was revealed. The scientists and scholars who contributed to modern thought were most of them radicals in their own special fields but conservatives everywhere else. Sigmund Freud, for example, retained the social and political opinions of a mildly liberal Viennese physician while revolutionizing our picture of the human mind. Henry Adams obeyed the standards of American moneyed society while believing that those standards made it impossible for any talented man to lead a satisfactory life. William Graham Sumner began as an Episcopal clergyman, and remained a hard-money man to the end of his days, while making studies of primitive customs that helped to weaken the foundations of Christian ethics and classical economy. And so with the other men whose work is discussed in our series. Turner, Dewey, Boas and Parrington were professors at a time when American university faculties were circumscribed by rules of conduct almost as rigid as those of a monastic order. Beard, after resigning from Columbia, became the respected first citizen of a little Connecticut town. Spengler was a German schoolmaster; I. A. Richards is a Cambridge don. Lenin, the arch-revolutionist, was conventional in his artistic judgments and his everyday habits. Only Veblen carried his rebellion into many fields, and the price he paid was neglect and lack of opportunity to pursue his studies. Perhaps that

casts a light on the course that most of these authors followed. Some were conservative by instinct, but others must have made a deliberate choice. In order to avoid fruitless battles with the public, they decided to be conformists in every field except their own. And yet, when the results of their studies were fitted together into a unified pattern, the conformity and conservatism disappeared. It became evident that these deacons and professors, these bondholders and leading citizens, had collaborated in a radically new conception of human life.

One result of their efforts was the utter destruction of the Reasoning Man. John Stuart Mill had portrayed him as possessing certain attributes: he was rational, he was civilized, he was morally free, he was an individual. Now, one by one, these attributes had been stripped away from him. He was not rational; on the contrary, most of his actions were conditioned reflexes and many of them were the acting out in symbolic forms of suppressed desires; his psychology could best be understood by studying that of animals or children. He was not civilized; on the contrary, his social behavior was full of concealed survivals from barbarism and was capable of reverting at the least excuse to forthright savagery. He was not morally free, except within a limited sphere; on the contrary he was subject to his biological nature, to his physical environment, to his class loyalties, to a whole series of laws the existence of which had not even been suspected in the early nineteenth century. And finally he was not even an individual, in the sense that Mill had used the word, since his life as a human being was inseparable from his social life. Unless he belonged to a community, he was deprived of his human heritage, he was a beast among beasts.

In other words, the Reasoning Man was exactly as real as Milton's angels. . . . Years ago when I studied zoölogy, my professor used to say that he did not know whether angels existed, but in any case they had six limbs—counting their wings—and therefore could not be mammals. In the same fashion we might say of the Reasoning Man that if he does exist, in some corner of the world, his qualities are different from those of the living men around us; he does not belong to the human species.

At another time, people might have refused to accept the unflattering picture of themselves that was drawn by the newer sciences. But its accuracy was apparently confirmed during the World War, when even our intellectual leaders showed an utter lack of reason and when ordinary citizens behaved like savages or children. In those years it began to be felt that modern civilization, instead of being solidly built, was a flimsy bridge over gulfs of barbarism. It began to be felt that progress, for an imperfect race like ours, was difficult at best and likely to be halted for centuries.

It began to be felt that we were approaching the end of an era, and perhaps of our culture as a whole.

One effect of this mood, in the intellectual world, was a tendency toward a type of pessimism that claimed to be founded on modern science. The tendency can be found in many authors, but it was most systematically expressed by Joseph Wood Krutch, in his book "The Modern Temper." Briefly, Mr. Krutch complains that science has destroyed our life-giving illusions, including our belief in the friendliness and bounty of Nature, with the result that "man is left more and more alone in a universe to which he is completely alien." Our sense of human dignity has also been destroyed; and with it we have "lost the faith in life which is requisite for the building of a Chartres or the carving of a Venus de Milo." There is no salvation left for us in love, or in literature, or in metaphysics, and today we are disillusioned even with science, "not because we have lost faith in the truth of its findings, but because we have lost faith in the power of those findings to help us generally as we once hoped they might help." We might as well admit to ourselves "that living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning and that it is most satisfactorily conducted by creatures who never feel the need to attempt to give it any other."

All this leads Mr. Krutch to a prophecy concerning the fate of European civilization, a prophecy that is particularly interesting in view of what has happened during the ten years since his book was published. He has been arguing that the qualities most prized by civilized men—refinement, sensitivity, skepticism, dispassionate thinking—are really anti-social because they develop the individual at the expense of the race. Eventually, he says, these qualities will lead to the decadence of any culture in which they flourish. Our own culture is a case in point; it is probably decaying already and its ultimate collapse is certain. But that, he adds, is not the end of the story:

If modern civilization is decadent then perhaps it will be rejuvenated, but not by the philosophers whose subtlest thoughts are only symptoms of the disease which they are endeavoring to combat. If the future belongs to anybody it belongs to those to whom it has always belonged, to those, that is to say, too absorbed in living to feel the need for thought, and they will come, as the barbarians have always come, absorbed in the processes of life for their own sake, eating without asking if it is worth while to eat, begetting children without asking why they should beget them, and conquering without asking for what purpose they conquer.

Once this picture of the future had been accepted by any large number of people—and Mr. Krutch was neither the first nor the last to present it—a new development was likely to take place. Some men would decide not to perish with the declining culture. In order to survive, they would transform themselves into the

new barbarians. They would abuse and ridicule the intellect, glorify instinct and the pure act, and become so absorbed in living that they would no longer feel the need for thought. Men such as these would no longer value knowledge for its own sake, but merely as a tool, so that the immediate justification for social science would be that it taught methods of deluding the masses; for psychology, that it made good soldiers; for chemistry, that it produced new explosives with which to defeat the enemy. The final purpose they would find in all studies and all activities would be power for themselves, illimitable and unreasoning power.

And that is exactly what has happened during the last ten years. Of course this process of thinking does not explain the rise of fascism, which had its real sources outside the realm of ideas. But it does explain the conversion to fascism of some few intellectuals, and the weak resistance to fascism on the part of others who had everything to lose by it. The historical examination into the sources of ethical systems that had been regarded as ageless and universal would be used as an excuse for denying all ethical standards, except those of the tribe. The scientific attack on the Reasoning Man would be used to justify Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia and Hitler's attacks on Czecho-Slovakia and Poland.

In the meantime the scientists and scholars have pursued their researches without being much affected by fascism, except in so far as they have been silenced by it in Germany and, in the western countries, have reacted violently against it. In truth their aims are completely opposite to those of the fascist leaders. When they explored the subconscious mind, or the physical nature of thought, or the need for myth and ritual, they had no intention of glorifying instinct and habit and faith at the expense of the intelligence. When they destroyed the conception of the Reasoning Man, they were not attacking reason itself. On the contrary, they were extending the domain of reason into areas where instinct and habit and blind faith had once been the only guides. In a sense, they were even enlarging the concept of human freedom. Claude Bernard, who wrote the best definition of the experimental method, said that this method is the one "that proclaims the liberty of spirit and thought." And Pavlov told his translator, Dr. W. Horsley Gantt, "Real freedom will come in proportion to our knowledge of the physiology of the brain, and we shall obtain a victory then over our own natures, as we have done over exterior nature, through scientific knowledge."

As for scientific pessimism, as represented by books like "The Modern Temper," it is largely based on a misreading of the effects of science on men's opinion of themselves. Of course it is true that the scientists have destroyed some of our cherished illusions, beginning with the Ptolemaic picture of the universe. But they have by no means destroyed the foundations of human

dignity. Why is it necessary to that dignity for man to be pictured as specially created by God, in God's own image, and inhabiting the exact center of the cosmos, with the seven planets revolving about him and the stars fixed in the sky as signs that God remembers him through the nights? Dignity is a social and individual quality that depends on no particular cosmology. Granting that we need a sanction for the race of man, we can find a sounder base for it in history than in theology or metaphysics. When we reflect that the human species developed after millions of years of slow evolution; that it was helpless compared with the great beasts among which it lived; that step by step it invented tools and weapons, subjugated the animals, refined its methods of communicating and preserving ideas, and embarked on the conquest of knowledge and power; that it is engaged in an age-long effort, ending for each generation in tragedy but always renewed by the next, to control its physical and social environment and its own destiny; that there is no danger of its ever achieving Utopia, or more than a perilously brief satisfaction—then there is reason enough for human pride and human faith.

That, I think, is a view of mankind justified by the researches of the last eighty years. It is important to note that their effects have not been purely destructive of human ideals. Even the attack on the Reasoning Man was not so much an essay in destruction as the effort to advance another conception, that of man as a living organism in a changing society. Around this conception has been gathered a whole group of studies; indeed the tendency of modern thinking has been to construct a synthesis based on the social sciences, just as the early nineteenth century constructed one that was based on metaphysics, and the middle ages one that was based on theology. All that is lacking for such a synthesis is a great systematic thinker, a Kant or a Thomas Aquinas of our own time.

I had thought to use this final article to discuss some further tendencies of modern thought—for example its preoccupation with time, and with processes as opposed to stable situations, and its emphasis on the need for carrying ideas into action, and finally its search for a historical or sociological basis for religion. But this is not the moment for such a discussion. These last lines are being written between radio bulletins of fighting on the western front and of the German and Russian advance into Poland. In many countries, books have been closed for the duration of the war. The doors of the libraries have been barricaded with sandbags; the laboratory windows are dark in the autumn evenings, like all the other windows.

The scientists themselves have not much comfort to offer. Like everyone else they fear that we are not so much at the beginning of a war resembling the others, as midway in a cycle of wars that could end only with a peace of exhaustion, like the peace which descended

on Germany after the Thirty Years' War—that is the optimistic view—or on the Roman Empire before its final collapse, after the ceaseless and senseless battles of the third century. They realize that there is no guarantee against the collapse of our own civilization—what will its name be in the textbooks of the thirtieth century?—nor even against the self-destruction of men as a species; overdeveloped in their organs and tools of combat they may disappear from earth, like the saber-toothed tigers. Yet the scientists have not lost hope. As long as their nations are at peace—and even afterwards, in the intervals snatched from war work—they continue to labor in different fashions at their one obsessing problem. “In the last analysis,” Claude Bernard wrote in 1865, “all the sciences reason in the same fashion and aim at the same goal. All wish to achieve an understanding of the law of phenomena, so as to gain the ability to foresee, modify or master those phenomena.” Today the struggle is centered in the oldest study and newest science of all, the science of history. The aim is still to gain the ability to foresee, modify or master its phenomena, that is, to substitute the human intelligence for blind chance or blind passions in the conduct of society. If that aim can be even partly achieved, there will be no danger that the human race will die by its own hand.

MALCOLM COWLEY

This is the last article in the series, “Books That Changed Our Minds.”—THE EDITORS

Range Cattle

Against the horizon I have seen their heads
 Tossing with clouds or sagging with the sky
 To sniff the parching sands of river beds
 When water holes are dry—
 Range cattle with their wild eyes always turning
 To some new spot of green or trickling springs,
 Beneath the thunder or the sun's slow burning
 And shadows of buzzards' wings.

They do not know the peace of meadows deep
 In clover sweetness, and the unfailing flow
 Of brooks; on wind-swept ranges where they sleep
 The cougar crouches low . . .
 The wobbly calf leans hard against its mother
 When wolf packs howl or eagle shadows veer—
 For them, their thirst and hunger fail to smother
 The sounds we cannot hear.

These cattle keep wild beauty that their kind
 Must lose, to plump and drowsy ease beguiled
 In pastures fenced; untamed of heart and mind
 Their ways are of the wild—
 The lift of head, the ripple of muscles under
 The hide that braves fierce sun and driven rain . . .
 Herds of the thundering hoofs that meet the thunder
 Or wade the whirl of stars above the plain!

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

The Politician

IN 1922 the New York State Legislature passed a law requiring everyone who wanted to vote for the first time to prove that he could read and write English. Now the old man stood before me in the literacy-test room, smiling benevolently as he told me his troubles.

“In the other schools,” he began shyly, “I don’t know what it is. I can’t . . . really, I can’t understand it. It’s surprising in a country like America. Such a foolish test, such silly questions . . . what a business! My, my.” He looked helplessly at the walls of my room, still smiling.

“You didn’t pass?”

“See,” he cried, happy. “You guessed it! You understand! The other teachers, I don’t know how it could be, they were so . . . so . . . I went to the other school, on Zebrak Avenue, to take the test there. But such a test. . .” He smiled kindly, not at all bitter.

“You want me to give you the certificate anyhow?”

He brought his finger-tips together and beamed at me. “See?” he smiled, “where there is brains, people can always find a way out.”

“I can’t do it,” I told the old man. “In the first place, if you took the tests in those schools, you’re out of my district here. And then, you’ll fail the test here too. It’s the same kind of test all over.”

The old man kept on smiling. He bent closely to me and whispered, “Young gentleman. You don’t understand. Mr. Angus told me you would know. Mr. Angus told me you are a good, kind teacher.”

Charlie Angus and his partner, Mr. Maury, were the political captains who hung around the registry boards outside my room in the school basement.

“Go tell Mr. Angus he can . . . tell him . . .” I looked into the benevolent expression on the old man’s face and lost my anger. “I can’t do anything for you,” I said. “I’m sorry.”

The man gazed at me softly for a moment as he considered and then went out of the room, not saying another word. But in a minute Charlie Angus came bouncing in to me. The old man, tactful and understanding, would not burden me with his presence but smiled gently at the door.

“Hey, Dan,” the politician cried out, in great anguish. “The old guy, what’s the matter with him? He says you ain’t gonna let him vote. I mean, after all he’s got a right just like everybody else. No, what I mean, after all! On the level, see?”

“Listen,” I said. “Stay away from my door. Don’t you bother me.”

“Oh, no! You ain’t got the right idea. See, what the hell, Dan, in this world everybody’s got to be a right guy to get along. You do me a favor, I do you a favor, that’s the way it goes. Live and let live! You against that principle? It don’t pay to be too strict.” He turned

to the old man at the door. "O.K., mister. It's O.K. now." And Charlie Angus winked at me.

"Hey, Charlie," I asked him, "you want to do me a favor?" I drew within myself to sound as cool and hard and tough as I could in my schoolteacher's way.

"Look, Charlie," I said, "get the hell out of my life. Who the hell are you to me and what do you think you are? I don't know you from a hole in the wall and I'm not doing you any favors."

Poor Charlie Angus. He could never have guessed this was on the way. When he finally repossessed himself, he stood up tall, disdain quivering on his lips. "O.K.," he said, and lapsed again into lip movements. "O.K. I wouldn't antagonize you for the world." To the old man, numbed by distress, "Nuts. He said nuts. What can I do about the situation? The hell with it." Angus strode to his place in the basement with his partner, Mr. Maury, deceived once again in human nature, bitter.

Tip-toes, the old man smiling kindly was before me like the gentle rain. "Young gentleman," he said.

He waited.

"See," he began again, "you don't understand. I am sixty-four years old, eighteen years in America. All my life I go only the good way, the right way. Yes, yes, it's not because I say it. All over New York I got a reputation, ask anybody. Sixty-four years old and I don't know the inside of a court, never saw a police station even. I am not a man for these things."

He paused.

"This is a test in reading and writing," I protested. "It doesn't make a difference."

He had to shake his head at my backwardness, but he smiled, patient and understanding with me. "I don't know how it is, you don't understand. See, young gentleman, for twelve years I worked in a shop, a millionaire's shop. I had twenty workers under me, sometimes thirty in the rush seasons, and never a bad word. Ask anybody. And when I retired I got a testimonial you'll never see anywhere in New York. No really, it's not because I say so. It's true. I could prove it. All my life, only the good way."

"Look," I begged, "what can I do? What is it? This is a test in reading and writing. Please, mister, I'm a nobody. I only have a job, that's all."

The old man took no pity but smiled upon me mercilessly. "I don't know," he whispered in complaint, talking to the walls. "I can't make out how it is. A fine young American gentleman, college education and he cannot understand. It's a shame, excuse me."

He bent toward me again but like a reprieve, Mr. Maury, Charlie Angus' partner, hustled in and waved the old man to the side.

"Dan," he said, "there is no other expression for it, he takes the cake. That Charlie Angus, he's been in the political game eight, nine years now, he don't know

from his you know what to his elbow. Politics, it's just like in any other line, you got to learn the tricks of the trade. Charlie Angus, he don't know a thing! And don't you or anybody else try to tell me different, what's the use of talking?"

I remained unchanged.

"Look," cried Mr. Maury, little drops of perspiration coming out on his brow. "See, I come in on you, I holler at you, hey, you, do this thing for me. Do you do it? No! Why should you? But if I come in and I approach you first, and I say, excuse me, sir, in a nice way without a holler going on. Then it's different. What the hell? It's only human nature after all. You do it. See, Charlie Angus, experience never learned him a thing." He waited, breathing heavily.

"Mr. Maury," I said, for he was easy to deal with, "your mother's waiting for you outside, she wants you."

He grasped the situation in a moment. "That's all right with me," he said. "Don't think I get sore. I'm not the one to get mad over nothings. If you got something on your mind, if your mind's preoccupied with other things at the moment, it's all right. No hard feelings? Listen, no hard feelings?"

"No hard feelings," I said.

"Now you're talking like a major! You're all right, kid. I ain't sore. Remember that when you come to me for a favor. All right." Mr. Maury, captain of his soul and a diplomat, turned to leave. To the old man, "Sorry. The gentleman, you can see it for yourself, he's unable to coöperate. He's just ain't in the necessary mood. That's how it is. Sorry." He walked away. At the door he turned back and called to me, "No hard feelings, kid. Remember that. All right."

"Young gentleman," he said.

There he was, unwilling to persist, soft and delicate.

"I would go away," he explained. "I don't like to be a bother. But you—you don't understand. I am sixty-four years old, never been in a police station. I go only the good way. Ask anybody. Listen, I got three sons. Every one of them graduated college. When my Jack, the youngest, he didn't want to go, I made him, by force. 'Pa,' he cried to me, 'Pa, I got enough education. I don't want to go to college.' 'You'll go to college, Jack,' I said. 'It's how I want it.' And he went. See, young gentleman?"

I am a human being. This is a form of evidence, I suppose, but if anything comes of it, I shall be able to say I made the whole story up, it's a lie from beginning to end, but the truth is I took a test paper and sat the old man down. It was a paragraph about the Statue of Liberty, all about the anniversary, the dates, the historical facts. The prospective first voter read the paragraph and then answered the questions, so proving that he was able to read. I pointed to the key words in the story for the old man to copy but even this was too much for him. It made no sense to him,

he protested, and I took his fist with the pen in it and moved his hand to make the words. This is a crime, as I say, but what could I do?

When I gave him the certificate he held the paper in his hand for a long time in solemn contemplation. Then he folded it carefully and placed it in his bill-fold. He looked down at me at the desk and beamed and the room was full of sunshine.

"See," he mused with tranquil joy, "all my life I go only the good way, the right way. Don't know what a police station is. See, young gentleman, learn. I'm older than you, even without the education. The right way, it pays."

And, warm and good, the old man softly left the room.

DANIEL FUCHS

Long View

Never heard happier laughter.

Where did you hear it?

Somewhere in the future.

Very far in the future?

Oh no. It was natural. It sounded

Just like our own, American, sweet and easy.

People were talking together. They sat on the ground. It was summer.

And the old told stories of struggle.

The young listened. I overheard

Our own story, retold. They looked up at the stars

Hearing the serious words. Someone sang.

They loved us who had passed away.

They forgot all our errors. Our names were mixed. The story was long.

The young people danced. They brought down

New boughs for the flame. They said, Go on with the story now.

What happened next?

For us there was silence

Something like pain or tears. But they took us with them.

Their laughter was peace. I never heard happier.

Their children large and beautiful. Like us, but new-born.

This was in the mountains of the west.

They were resting. They knew each other well.

The trees and rivers are on the map, but the time

Is not yet. I listened again. Their talk was ours

With many favorite words. I heard us all speaking.

But they spoke of better things, soberly. They were wise And learned. They sang not only of us.

They remembered thousands, and many countries, far away.

One poet who sat there with them began to talk of the future.

Then they were silent again. And they looked at the sky.

And then in the light of the stars they banked their fire as we do

Scuffing the ground, and said goodnight.

This poem I bring back to you

Knowing that you wonder often, that you want

Word of these people.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Washington Notes

The Assize of War

THE NYE-BORAH GROUP in the Senate—which Mr. Roosevelt says must not be called the peace bloc—is bubbling with stories about Mr. Roosevelt's alleged war-like designs. The most circumstantial of them concerns a Western Senator who, a few days ago, had an hour's interview with the President. The Senator left the White House with the clear impression that Mr. Roosevelt was not at all certain this country could escape involvement, that, on the contrary, he foresaw contingencies in which it might be necessary for us to go in.

After investigation, I am prepared to believe that the account given by the Senator of his interview is essentially true. However, I do not think that it indicates any change in the position Mr. Roosevelt has held for the last two or three years. What he seems to have told the Western Senator is no different from what he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at its celebrated non-secret meeting with him at the White House last February, that this country's first line of defense was in France.

Although most readers must be familiar with the main outlines of Mr. Roosevelt's recent foreign policy, it may be useful—as the Senate debate begins—to restate it. Its premise is that the totalitarian powers, Germany, Japan and Italy—with the USSR now added—are being held in check by the British navy, the French army. Should Britain and France be decisively defeated, we must expect Germany, perhaps in alliance with Japan, to strike at South America, and ultimately at our home territory. In doing what we can to make possible an Allied victory, we serve our own highest national interest. Mr. Roosevelt has never put his policy so baldly, but there is abundant evidence that these are the assumptions on which he is acting.

The thousands of letters that reached Washington with the opening of the special session greatly disconcerted administration advisers. However, if painstaking polls of the Senate are to be trusted, they have not changed a single vote. By the time these Notes are printed, Mr. Nye will probably have begun the opening speech of the neutrality group. He is expected to speak for a week. Mr. La Follette will follow him with a speech which he is said to regard as the greatest of his career, and which will consume a second week. What might be called the working members of the neutrality bloc number about fifteen; that is sufficient to keep the debate going until the national conventions next spring, or, indeed, until election day in November, 1940.

However, a concealed filibuster is useful only if it leads to a recruitment of strength either in Congress or among the voters outside. Most congressional nose-counters are convinced that the bloc cannot gain more than two or three votes in the Senate, however long its filibuster lasts. Whether it can stir up peace sentiment outside remains to be seen.

The leaders of the CIO, although fervently in favor of this country's avoidance of war, have said privately that they will give no encouragement to the neutrality bloc in the present debate. The Metal Trades Department of the

AFL publicly demands repeal of the arms embargo. The general convention of the AFL is assembling as these Notes are written; whether or not it follows the lead of the metal trades, it will not support the neutrality bloc. Soon after the outbreak of war in Europe, representatives of farm organizations met in Washington and took a stout position for peace. But since then most of these same farm leaders have assured the White House that they will not oppose the lifting of the arms embargo. Apparently because of swift, dexterous wire-pulling by administration agents, the American Legion convention at Chicago was prevented from taking a clear position on neutrality. The knowledge that the leaders of these great voting groups will not oppose the administration's wishes has deeply impressed Congress.

So far the administration has managed its side of the neutrality fight with great skill. Apparently Mr. Roosevelt has handed over active leadership to Secretary Hull and Senators Pittman and Byrnes, three of the deftest operators Capitol Hill has known. The bad feeling among Democratic factions is miraculously absent. When the debate eventually ends in the Senate, the betting is that Mr. Pittman will have from fifty-eight to sixty votes on his side.

At Panama City, Mr. Sumner Welles has enunciated a doctrine that, on the surface, would seem to require explanation. He has proposed to the Latin American republics that they join with the United States in declaring the waters of this hemisphere closed to belligerent warships. Argentina and Brazil are to patrol their own coasts; the remainder of the patrol work will fall to us for the sufficient reason that none of the remaining republics has a practicable navy. Mr. Roosevelt hinted at this policy several weeks ago when he suggested, at a press conference, that our territorial waters should be extended two hundred miles out to sea, or as much farther as was desirable. Behind this policy, of course, are rumors that German submarines and armed merchantmen are hidden in the Caribbean, waiting the conclusion of Mr. Hitler's delayed peace offensive, and the Senate neutrality debate, to spring at Allied shipping. In the First World War, the protection of Allied vessels in the waters of this hemisphere was undertaken by the British fleet, and two fierce engagements were fought off the Falkland Islands and off the Chilean coast. It may be that the voters of this country want American warships to take over this duty from the British in the present conflict. One obvious result would be to free a formidable number of British light cruisers, destroyers and naval planes for service elsewhere. But it seems like a matter that should be publicly discussed, and voted upon in Congress.

Mr. Roosevelt's announcement, at a recent press conference, that the War Resources Board would shortly be dissolved had been eagerly awaited by his advisers. There can be little doubt, from the manner in which it was made, that it was intended to be a plain hint to Assistant Secretary of War Johnson, who appointed the Board, that his resignation would be welcomed. It may be guessed that Secretary Woodring's resignation would be received with equal pleasure. Attorney General Murphy and Mayor LaGuardia have already been suggested as successors to Mr. Woodring, and Mr. Maury Maverick as successor to Mr. Johnson.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

We're All for Cash-and-Carry

THERE SEEMS TO BE no end of confusion about the neutrality debate now under way in Congress. The question has shaped itself in the public mind as a contest between two schools—those who believe in an arms embargo and those who believe in the "cash-and-carry" system. I find that many people seem to think that the neutrality bloc in the Senate favor an arms embargo and are opposed to a cash-and-carry provision, which the President approves. This impression could arise only out of ignorance of the whole neutrality contest in Congress.

The neutrality movement began in 1935, when Senators Clark and Nye introduced three joint resolutions on April 9. One forbade American citizens to travel on ships of warring powers. A second proposed an arms embargo. The third provided a cash-and-carry resolution. That is, it provided that in the event of war between foreign countries, it would be unlawful for any person to lend to any government or national of such government any money or to extend credit for the purchase of any article declared to be contraband of war by any belligerent government (Senate Joint Resolution 100, April 9, 1935). This was the origin of the cash-and-carry scheme.

Subsequently this neutrality bloc added other provisions, such as requiring the seller of goods to warring nations to part with title at the dock, etc. But from the beginning the neutrality bloc has insisted on getting all of these provisions and as much more as they could, in the face of obstacles and opposition from the administration.

At first the President seemed to favor the neutrality proposals. He expressed a desire for a neutrality measure and Nye and Clark showed him the three resolutions which they planned to introduce. He gave a general assent and thereafter the resolutions were introduced.

Later a bill was framed. But at this point the neutrality group began to encounter obstacles. The President refused to endorse the bill. Instead he took the position, which he still holds, that Congress should not pass any such bill, that it was an invasion of the rights of the executive, that this had to do with our foreign relations, which were entrusted by the Constitution to the executive, and that the executive should be permitted to handle the question of neutrality under international law.

Then a committee of House members called on him to urge his aid for the bill. The meeting developed into a somewhat acrimonious one, and there again the President announced that this was an invasion of his rights and he told the group that they did not have a chance to pass the neutrality bill and that they couldn't even get it on the floor. The committee, somewhat disconsolate, returned to the Capitol, only to find that the Senate was actually discussing the bill and preparing to pass it. I cannot vouch for this, but I understand that the President was very angry and threatened to veto the bill.

This bill did not represent, when it was passed, all that the neutrality bloc wanted. They got as much as they

could. When the bill expired—it was to be in effect a year—a new bill was passed in 1937. The sentiment of the country for neutrality at this time was overwhelming. And the administration forces went along with the neutrality bill and even claimed credit for it. When the new bill was passed—the present bill—some correspondents close to the White House even called it the Roosevelt neutrality bill.

In the meantime the Spanish situation had developed. The President, on his own initiative, sent for the Senate group and demanded that the bill be amended to apply to civil strife in foreign countries. His contention then was that if we shipped arms to Spain—particularly to the Spanish Loyalists—we should be in danger of becoming embroiled in that war. He forced this amendment through Congress in forty-eight hours. The amendment did not require the President to apply the law to Spain. It left discriminatory action with him. But he promptly applied it to Spain and this was done primarily to make the arms embargo effective there.

At the last session of Congress, the neutrality bloc attempted to pass a still more comprehensive bill which would keep alive those provisions in the existing act which were about to expire, and strengthen them. The neutrality group was never able to get this bill to a vote. It was blocked by the administration support of the Bloom bill, introduced in May of this year. It was the Bloom bill which the administration pushed through the House. All the Bloom bill provides is (a) that citizens cannot travel on vessels of warring powers; (b) American vessels shall not travel in war zones as defined by the President; (c) no government at war or its citizens can sell bonds or securities in the United States; (d) Americans shipping goods to warring nations must part with the title at the ship-side; (e) contributions for the benefit of either side to a war may not be solicited in the United States; (f) the Munitions Control Board is continued, under which shippers of munitions must register and report all shipments abroad.

But it contained no “cash-and-carry” provision and no arms embargo. When this bill was pushed through by the administration, the House revolted and forced the arms embargo into it. It is now up for consideration in the Senate.

To complete the history, when the present session of Congress was called, the President, at his so-called unity conference, told the members that we wanted the neutrality bill wiped off the books, returning to what he called international law, which is the position he took in 1936 when he fought the first neutrality measure. He abandoned this only when his own leaders told him it was impossible. His “cash-and-carry” was his second choice as a proposal behind which the arms embargo could be fought.

This makes clear, it seems to me, the injustice of trying to make this a battle between “cash-and-carry” on one side and an “arms embargo” on the other. The supporters of the arms embargo have been the supporters and originators of “cash-and-carry.” There is no question here whether we should have one or the other. There would be a cash-and-carry provision now had not the administration blocked every effort to get a real neutrality law. The only issue on which this battle is being fought is the arms embargo. Everybody is agreed on cash-and-carry now that the President has come around to it.

JOHN T. FLYNN

The Bandwagon

The stringency of Britain's air-raid precautions was criticized strongly today by Lord Hugh Cecil, World War airman and brother of Viscount Cecil, noted worker for peace. . . . Lord Hugh added:

“It is not desirable, especially in wartime, to encourage individuals to think too much about their own safety.” — *A. P. dispatch in The New York Post.*

RISE IN AUTO DEATHS IS ALARMING BRITAIN. — *Headline in The New York Times.*

Pope Pius XII is sleeping on the floor that he may participate more deeply in the world's suffering, a reliable Vatican source reported today. — *U. P. dispatch in The Chicago Daily News.*

Every Shrink a Boost

The American business man, shrinking as he must at the thought of making money out of the European tragedy, must be strong enough to face the facts as they are. — *From an editorial in Printers' Ink.*

Expressing the opinion that money was at last “coming out of the storm cellar,” John W. Hanes, Under Secretary of the Treasury [and] a former Wall Street investment banker, said in an interview that he was “optimistic” on the business outlook because the “profit motive is returning,” whereas in the last five years people were “concerned chiefly with safety.” — *A. P. dispatch in The New York Daily News.*

Cold Comfort

103.2 IN L. A. AS 69 DEAD IN 7-DAY HEAT — *Headline in The Los Angeles Herald and Express, September 22.*

22 DEGREES COOLER AT EDWARDS BROTHERS' COLONIAL MORTUARY. — *Advertisement in same paper, same day.*

To See If Anything Remains?

Our tasks are creating happiness for all peoples. The sky over Poland is aglow with fire. Peaceful citizens run, seeking shelter amidst the flames, bombs and bullets. The Polish government was the first to flee, to their eternal shame.

We cannot remain neutral toward the fate of the toilers. The retreating Poles burn the wretched villages and butcher the cattle so that nothing remains for anyone.

Salvation comes from the Soviet Union. Grim, unswerving and magnanimous comes the Red Army. — *From an article written for Izvestia by the novelist Alexei Tolstoy, as translated by The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

A Communication

Why Doesn't Russia Go to War?

SIR: Already a good many people are hinting that this is a war in which the United States is morally bound to help England and France. One group argues that the USSR is a Nazi ally, and that consequently the war is a moral crusade against "two totalitarianisms," Hitler and Stalin. Official British statements encourage this view, and the naïve among pro-British Americans have already begun to speak of the duty of America. Though Americans are skeptical of European diplomacy, they are easily swayed if they can be convinced that evil has been let loose in the world and that all free men are uniting to overcome it.

Even if the Russians and the Nazis were welded into, as the foolish phrase has it, "the Communazis," there would still be excellent reasons, of course, for America to stay out of the war. But if they are not, if the Russians are still opposed to fascism and yet stay aloof from this war, the moral argument for our entry into it is much weaker. Unfortunately, many writers who have generally understood Soviet policy and who might be expected to make this point clear to progressives have lost their bearings in the waves of anti-Soviet comment. Many of them have foundered so badly that the only recommendation one can make to them is that they go back and reread their Lenin.

The first reports of the activities of the Red Army in Poland are just what the humblest student of Lenin might expect. When a revolutionary army occupies a land formerly under the rule of a semi-feudal, semi-fascist government, aristocrats and landlords are hunted and imprisoned. Town committees of poor farmers and laborers are established to govern the localities. Schools are reopened, and, in areas inhabited by national minorities, teachers who formerly taught in Polish are themselves going to school to learn to teach in Yiddish, in Ukrainian or in Russian. The captured Polish soldiers are disarmed and set free, with the advice that they go home, become Communists, and help to run their town themselves. Newspapers in the languages of the various national minorities have already begun publication. And to many American commentators these reports appear to prove just what they have been saying ever since the negotiations for a Russo-German pact were announced. That Polish lands are being divided among the peasants is proof to them that Stalin has thrown away socialism to join the Nazis.

The Soviet Union, it is asserted in the American press, acted in collusion with Nazi Germany to destroy the Polish state. Cynically discarding Marxist theory and betraying their fine speeches against aggression by themselves becoming aggressors, the Russians have shamelessly stabbed a friendly nation in the back. They have betrayed Britain and France, who are fighting for democracy.

Nevertheless, there is another possible interpretation of the recent events, almost the exact opposite of the general one. This interpretation is based on the belief—once again confirmed by the reports of the Red Army's occupation of Poland—that the USSR is a socialist state, protecting her-

self from highly antagonistic surrounding states, and attempting, in a most difficult situation, to protect whoever will accept her protection and to prevent war from spreading any further than it has already spread. It seems that when the possibility of a pact with Britain and France at last broke down, the Soviet Union, which had thrown her full strength for years into the attempt to build collective safety from war in Europe, was forced to protect herself from Nazi aggression in the only remaining way, by making a non-aggression pact with Hitler. This does not appear to a socialist as an act of alliance with fascism.

It meant the end of Poland, for since she and her allies had refused Soviet aid it was clear that the Germans could easily smash her inferior army. But what appears to the anti-Soviet commentator to be Russian collusion with the Nazis in a partitioning of that state appears to the socialist as commendable foresight. Since the Soviet statesmen saw that Poland would fall to the Germans, they stepped in to save, from Nazi domination and for socialism, more than half the country. They are accused of cynicism for saying the Polish government had collapsed, although some of its members still remained on Polish soil, but it would be more to the point to accuse them of second-sight, since in a few hours all those officials had fled before the German troops—the Soviet troops being still far away.

Though it is still too early to tell all the results of recent Soviet action, many writers are already noting points at which it has weakened Hitler—and thus fascism throughout the world. Of course it would be an advantage to the Allies if Russia were fighting Germany on the east—they call her refusal to do so "betrayal"—but as even commentators otherwise opposed to present Soviet policy, such as Louis Fischer, agree that Britain and France themselves were responsible for the failure to conclude a three-way alliance that would have brought Russia in, this hardly needs discussing. The fact is that on the east Hitler now faces, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has pointed out, a strong army saying "thus far and no farther."

To carry this argument to a detailed conclusion is not necessary; the reader can do it himself. Once Lenin's viewpoint is adopted, the answers to all the anti-Soviet accusations may be worked out rapidly. But our purpose should not be merely to work out a problem in politics, or ethics. The danger of misinterpretation of Soviet policy is that Americans may fail to see the light it casts on British policy. The actions and words of the Russians clearly indicate that they do not believe Britain wants to free Germany, to allow her to achieve a democratic, perhaps socialist republic. Who, in the light of Chamberlain's past record, can doubt that the Russians are right about this? Hitler must indeed be overthrown, but not to be supplanted by Hess. The Russians won't fight to bring Germany under British domination, and they don't think the British people should, either.

Americans have, of course, a great natural sympathy for the other big English-speaking nation. But our own wariness should be at least as great as that of the Soviet Union. Let us beware of being drawn into a war for another Versailles. Let us judge British aims for ourselves, not accept the Foreign Office version of them. Let us hear Chamberlain's peace terms, before we hear that the Allies need American aid.

JAMES BENÉT

Correspondence

Totalitarian Democrat

SIR: Under a heading "Guns Instead of Butter" in a book review in your September 20 number, Adolf Sturmthal seems to repeat the old line of argument that Germany has abolished unemployment only by means of excessive spending for armaments.

I have not read the book in question, but I think it is well established that Germany has done something more and entirely different from spending money for armaments. The term totalitarian implies a degree of government in industry, instead of the free individualism that prevails in those countries called democratic but whose democracy goes only half way in the relations of men, leaving only anarchy in the financial and industrial half. They lean so far backward in preserving individual liberties that they preserve the liberties to overpower and rob each other in that half of men's relations.

In this liberty lies not only the injustice of robbery but the main causes of depression and unemployment. Germany has restricted that liberty, and said to the various interests, you shall not fight out your differences. We shall make the decisions and you will continue to produce without halt. Such decisions have the same advantages to all as other government and court decisions forbidding physical conflict. To be sure, the Hitler government is not recommended for perfect justice among different interests, and is certainly guilty of much oppression that has little or nothing to do with keeping the wheels of industry moving. But it does keep them moving. The first political governments in history were always dictatorial, and if the first governments of industrial affairs are dictatorial, that should hardly cause us to deny the value of the principle of government.

To be sure we should look beyond to eventual democracy. But to have democracy we must first have government—government in industry. Yes, a Totalitarian Democracy.

Tigard, Ore.

A. W. VINCENT

Co-ops

SIR: I call your attention to the Consumers' Coöperatives, which were very effective during the last war and helped to hold down retail food and commodity prices—since these are progressive organizations that criticize Production for Profit and combat its defects. Supporting Consumers' Co-ops can mean not only fighting war profiteers but also strengthening labor unions.

Bronx, N. Y.

SYDNEY UNGER

More Wrath from Rexroth

SIR: It is about time the liberals and radicals of the country woke up to the fact that their honeymoon with the New Deal is over. This administration is Anglophile, anxious for war. It has given in again and again on questions of hours, wages, social security, relief; but it has never given in on questions of power, programs or regimentation. Certainly if these methods prevail, no life, no principle will be safe in America. Such methods will catch up with the editors of *The New Republic*—just as, after some delay, they caught up with Bukharin.

I can see a Moscow trial coming over here, and the editors had better prepare their confessions. Cowley, as a small boy, caused the Dayton flood; later he edited a magazine of Kulturbolshevismus subsidized by the German-Russian-Italian State Police, with plans of U. S. fortifications disguised as cubist pictures, long messages in code called "If You Had Three Hus-

bands," "The Lays of Maldoror," "Leander," "Leonora." Jim Benét put ground glass in the soup at the Lady Eleanor Testimonial Dinner of the Youth Congress. Heywood Broun is a secret operative of the International Bible Students, his Newspaper Guild seized the newsplants in San Francisco in 1939 and stocked them with machine guns. Bliven caused the "Eastland" disaster, Stark Young the Iroquois fire. You better get them ready, your only chance to shine in court is by the brilliance of your prose style; it may even, like Radek's, let you off easy.

San Francisco, Calif.

KENNETH REXROTH

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Mary Lee of New York City liked Alson J. Smith's article, "Father Coughlin's Platoons," in our issue of August 30, and guesses on her own that these people are rather cracked religionists who have a "tremendous sense of guilt." . . . Looking forward to the prevention of the next war, Harry Kronick, of Cedar Falls, Iowa, sends a list of suggestions. He says the masses in every country were against this war and he favors giving them more voice. His remedies include an "intelligent" all-European newspaper, an all-European town meeting of the air, more sample polling, etc. "Your readers may care to carry on this discussion of means for bringing something constructive out of the present conflict," he says. Many of our readers view skeptically his assumption that those running the show will ever give a whoop for the progressive education of the masses—or that in any case they will even tolerate any culture groups meddling with it. . . . Sidney Weiss, of West Los Angeles, California, remembers back to the early twenties when we were trying to get an answer to the question: "Would it not be the duty of the Christian Church to warn its members that in case of war, civil disobedience is a religious duty?"—and thinks we might get some straighter answers now. The answer from current-day Europe is that it may be a duty but is not healthy.

The Open-Letter Box.—Waldo R. Browne, of Wyoming, New York, has sent a letter to Henry Morgenthau, of which he is justifiably distributing copies. He quotes an interview which quoted Roger Babson as advising American investors to ditch U. S. bonds and buy Japanese, on the grounds that there "is no reason at present to suspect the soundness of Japan's economy." Mr. Browne thinks there must be some law against those who "publicly attack the financial credit of the United States" and that if there isn't, Mr. Babson's rather odd pronouncements certainly come within the scope of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. . . . Another copy of an open letter (this time from Walter S. Turner, of Oakland, California, to President Roosevelt, of Washington, D. C.) makes among other points a statement to keep in mind when dealing with European affairs: "There is no longer any question of our helping to preserve British hegemony in Europe: British hegemony is already lost. The question now is whether we are willing to give economic and, ultimately, military support to restore to England the position she once held." . . . Estelle C. Young of San Francisco, in an open letter to the President, asks if it is now possible for the various affected powers to be invited to a conference table "for the adjustment of their claims." She appends a sort of guide for the conduct of such a conference which we do not print, as being a thousand years or so too soon.

Books in Review

Moley Writ

WHEN CHAPTERS from Ray Moley's "After Seven Years"¹ were running in The Saturday Evening Post, the chortles and smacking of lips on the commuters' trains suggested that a ten-grand treat was being handed out each week for a mere nickel, the twentieth part of a dollar (devalued). This reaction of the so-called typical Post reader, however, was more visceral than logical, for Ray Moley praises the earlier "nationalist" Roosevelt of the Tugwell-Frank-Berle "planning" era whom Big Ownership had good reason to distrust, and flatly damns the essentially conservative Roosevelt who has imperceptibly veered toward the old-style internationalist laissez-faire capitalism of Cordell Hull, who has presumably never read a book on the development of the international cartel. What really appealed to Mr. Moley's Post readers (or such of them as came within this reviewer's earshot) were things like the vitriolic sketch of Tommy Corcoran writing Rex Tugwell off as an "inedible" catfish whose "arrogance" deserved a good smacking from the "skipper."

Of the propriety of Mr. Moley's narrative, there can be only one decent opinion: he should have waited until after 1940 before publishing certain sections of these memoirs. Rather unctuously Ray Moley informs Tom Corcoran (see page 354) that "society somehow runs along on the basis of people's faith in one another's commitments." So it does; and a confidential adviser to the President is committed by the very nature of his role to a decent interval of silence even when his advice is utterly ignored. A lawyer doesn't go telling on his client the day after a case has been decided. As for Tom Corcoran, who peeves Mr. Moley beyond all others of the Ickes-Corcoran-Cohen-Henderson "well integrated" group, his values are certainly as democratic as Ray Moley's; and if Tom frequently pops off in conversation (like most effervescent Irishmen) it should not be taken too seriously. Tom may have said, "You've got to treat a business man like a Polack; give him no quarter." But it takes no semanticist to know that Tom could not possibly have meant *all* business men by that statement: his relations with specific business men, such as Carl Conway of Continental Can and Beardsley Rumf of Macy's, are, I believe, extremely good. Almost certainly Tom Corcoran was referring to business men like Tom Girdler when (and if) he was busy denouncing the whole tribe to Ray Moley. Corcoran is a fighter for democracy; and like all fighters he loses his head occasionally in the heat of the battle. Maybe that is reprehensible. But, unlike some liberals we could name, he is not one who believes in faith without works.

Mr. Moley blames Corcoran and Cohen for the court-packing plan. But he fails utterly in his attempt to discredit the contention of Joe Alsop and Turner Catledge (see

"The 168 Days") that Corcoran, along with Cohen and Bob Jackson, was horrified by the indirection of the particular plan put forward by Roosevelt and Homer Cummings. Mr. Moley tries to make it seem that *any* court plan would have been undemocratic—why, it is difficult to see. The Constitution does not prohibit congressional legislation as to the number of Justices. Roosevelt can be criticized legitimately for not being open and above-board about his particular plan; but Corcoran was not the author of it and should not be chastised for it, even by inference.

It is too bad that Ray Moley let his pique get the better of him when dealing with personalities in "After Seven Years." For there is a good deal to be said for his analysis of the course of the New Deal as it turns from its earlier, so-called "nationalist," phase of "planning" to a Wilsonian phase that may end in grandiose disaster. Not that Mr. Moley's black-and-white contrast of the "planning" saints of "concentration and control" and the "enforced business atomization" sinners is anywhere near accurate: as Leon Henderson says, the fight within the New Deal has not been one over planning versus laissez faire, but over "planning for slavery" versus "planning for freedom." Henderson, Corcoran and Cohen are, if I am not crazy, for a "planned-free" system, which is something quite different from either NRA or the economic pattern implied in what the Unofficial Observer once called the "economic Neanderthalism" of Cordell Hull. A "planned-free" system would enforce competition wherever possible. But it would not attempt to break up U. S. Steel, General Motors or the Aluminum Company of America into little competing fragments.

The hope of Leon Henderson, as expressed to this writer a year ago, was that government, in its function as purchaser of cement for public buildings and steel for battleships, could use its strong customer-position to wangle the equivalent of general competitive prices from certain monopolies who live under a "price umbrella." And all the members of the "well integrated" group were, before the alarums of war came to disturb them, doing their best to devise ways and means of persuading Big Ownership to adopt what might be called an "as-if" competitive price structure. Maybe they were romantic; maybe they were foolish. But the point is that they were trying to maintain the benefits of competition without losing the efficiency of mass production or the freedom of democracy. They were not "enforced atomizers," even though they honored Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter.

But if Mr. Moley obscures certain crucial issues, he is apparently right in his searching analysis of the Roosevelt character. He presents the "skipper" as a happy, resilient person with entirely humane social objectives. But this same happy, resilient person has no basic economic philosophy, no real grasp of economic fundamentals. For a long time I tried to believe the opposite. It was true, as Norman Thomas was fond of pointing out, that the "more abundant life" was hardly compatible with an AAA crop-restriction

¹ After Seven Years, by Raymond Moley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 458 pages. \$3.

that drove tenant farmers off the land. But politics is, after all, a matter of meeting emergencies; and the early New Deal was up to its neck in major dilemmas. In recent months, however, my nerve-ends have kept telegraphing me that Roosevelt has so far abandoned hope of solving our economic problems that he almost welcomes a war-production respite and a return to Old Gang methods. I can't prove this. And I hope I'm 100-percent wrong. But there is the feeling—a feeling that is compounded by Raymond Moley's book. Is the New Deal, like the New Freedom, to be killed in war? Time alone can tell, but I wish there were a more palpable will-to-peace in Washington high places.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Man of Iron

Thaddeus Stevens, by Alphonse B. Miller. New York: Harper and Brothers. 440 pages. \$4.

IN THE INTERESTS of clarity we may break up Mr. Miller's analysis of Thaddeus Stevens' political career under four headings:

First of all, there is "Old Thad" himself, the man of iron, mined from the hills of Vermont, tested for decades in the crucible of Pennsylvania politics, forged under the hammerings of Civil War into barbed steel. It is this man of iron whom Mr. Miller has seized on as the protagonist of his absorbing drama: the Gettysburg politician who "blossomed so early and harvested so late"; the friendless champion of the underdog, who was contemptuous of his bungling fellow mortals until the moment one of them was brought into contempt; the Puritan-visaged Messiah who delighted in gambling, in women's bodies and in doubting God; the slangwhanger with the blistering tongue who made sport of "the agonized bowels of his adversaries"; the iron-willed Faustus who might "claim bankruptcy in the next world but never in this."

Second, there is Stevens the republican, the humanitarian statesman who identified the republican principle with the ideals of human equality that had been left suspended in the Declaration of Independence. These ideals, to Stevens, did not imply equality in such matters as sitting together and eating together, but they did enjoin equality before the law and equal opportunity for participating in the making of laws. They enjoined, moreover, an approach toward economic equality. If "the Robespierre of the Radicals" had had his way, seventy thousand Southern aristocrats would have been banished and their estates divided up among small, loyal cultivators.

Then, third, there is Stevens the Republican, the party tyrant before whose throne in the House of Representatives Republican politicians, great and small, cowered; the Great Commoner who pitted his strength against the despotic "Democrat" strutting in the White House under cover of the mantle he had accidentally inherited from Lincoln. It is this Henry Clay-James G. Blaine-"Tsar" Reed version of Stevens which of late years has received the greatest emphasis. To a generation fascinated by "the politics," the aged Republican boss has become a sort of Machiavellian partisan, who for all his high-sounding phrases about republican principles, cared about nothing except Republican votes.

And, finally, there is Stevens the ironmaster, the prosperous Pennsylvania capitalist, the "hard-boiled" entrepreneur who "loved money" and in the presence of property "behaved like a gawky swain who had dared to fall in love with the mistress of the manor." This is the Stevens who helped resuscitate Nicholas Biddle after he had been struck down by the Jacksonians; who manipulated the Pennsylvania legislature to the advantage of his own iron holdings in Gettysburg; who tirelessly championed internal improvements, land grants and protective tariffs; who saw a lifetime's investment in Pennsylvania iron wiped out by an invading Southern army.

It is the first of these aspects, "Old Thad" himself, that Mr. Miller does most handsomely by. It is upon the rare human personality that the author has lavished his extraordinary gifts for the revealing phrase and the unobtrusive epigram; and primarily from this rich human material that he has modeled a three-dimensional portrait as striking as any in the American gallery.

As for the other three aspects, the analysis is not altogether conclusive. According to Mr. Miller, Stevens was a republican of the deepest integrity; not only the indomitable organizer of victory in the face of appeasers, compromisers and Constitution-mongers, but the patriot who out of the shambles of Civil War sought to reconstruct a more united and humane nation. Mr. Miller avers that he "holds no brief" for the vindictive enemy of the South who was determined to "make the traitors eat the fruit of foul rebellion." But his verdict on Stevens' Reconstruction measures is not a "brief," it is an extremely impressive exculpation.

Mr. Miller is impatient with latter-day historians who detect in Stevens the Machiavellian partisan and the clerk of Northern capitalism. And in the main he relies on the same argument to refute both of these imputations. He devotes great attention to Stevens' opposition throughout the sixties to the bankers who were out to clean up on their financing of the Civil War. If, argues Mr. Miller, Stevens was a tool of the capitalists he certainly would not have fought them so bitterly. And if he was merely a partisan time-server, he would not have broken so unceremoniously with the Republican Party every time it showed signs of truckling to international capital.

Mr. Miller does well to be wary of too direct a correlation between the pattern of capitalist accumulation and the pattern of Civil War and Reconstruction. But to argue that Stevens was not a clerk of Northern capitalism because he opposed the international bankers is to lose sight of the very significant fact that at this period there were factory capitalists quite separate and distinct from the banker capitalists. Opposition to the Wall Street capitalists by no means eliminates the possibility of equally bitter antagonism on the part of cramped industrialists to the plantation capitalists; nor the possibility that, as Mr. Miller observes in one of his tantalizing side-remarks, Stevens' sympathy with the Southern blacks may have been a "reflex" of his antipathy to the Southern whites. It is to be hoped that Mr. Miller will dedicate his extremely high talents to plotting out much more thoroughly than he has as yet done the areas where republican principles shade off into Republican Party, where Republican Party shades off into Northern capitalism and where Northern capitalism shades off into Civil War and Reconstruction.

EDWIN MIMS JR.

Learn and Like It

The People's Library: Let Me Think, by H. A. Overstreet; *Which Way America*, by Lyman Bryson; *Here Comes Labor*, by Chester M. Wright; *They Worked for a Better World*, by Allan Seager; *Who Are These Americans?* by Paul B. Sears; *The Attractive Home*, by Lydia Powell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents each.

FOR CENTURIES teachers and sages have tried to argue men into liking what is good for them. "The People's Library" is a strategic reversal: to give people what they like, but smuggle information into it—an "informal conspiracy," in James Harvey Robinson's words, "to promote the diffusion of the best knowledge we have of man and his world." Devised by the American Association for Adult Education, the series is to consist of little books of thirty thousand words, lucidly written and keyed to the interests of a broad reading public. What are these interests? Mental self-help, the labor movement, home decoration, communism, fascism, democracy, America's social and economic problems: these, for example, are some of the most often repeated non-fiction subjects in popular magazines, and librarians corroborate their public appeal.

These facts both dictate the choices and explain the rather miscellaneous nature of the titles. "The Attractive Home" tells how to make rooms look larger, smaller, cooler or warmer, and how to furnish them cheaply and in good taste; "Which Way America?" endeavors to describe and weigh the political philosophies competing for our support in the world today. Not the completeness of the encyclopedia or of the scientific survey, but the honeyed wooing of salesmanship is the model. An ingenious web of propaganda must gradually entangle the reader into a completer understanding of a subject, into seeing its larger bearings and its relations with other fields.

The technique of "The People's Library" is thus that of the propagandist, and three of its first six titles are propaganda in the narrower sense as well: indoctrination under cover of fact. The five short biographies of "They Worked for a Better World"—of Roger Williams, Tom Paine, Emerson, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Edward Bellamy—are really "inspirational," praising religious liberty, political liberty, self-reliant individualism, sexual equality and social justice. (Mr. Seager rather soft-pedals Bellamy's socialism, relating it to "the Utopian novel" and finding its main value in a plea for "decency" in men's treatment of each other.) Mr. Wright's "Here Comes Labor" is a sympathetic account of labor progress, a bit confused in plan and hydrogenously optimistic. The author mentions the strife in Little Steel, but almost as if it were a cricket match; he says nothing of the lawlessness of big business, the corruption of the press, the propagandist millions poured out by public utilities, the vigilantes, tear gas, terrorism of industrial warfare, or the forces behind the Hagues and Silver Shirts, and grows lyrical over the beginnings of coöperation between employers and the working man. Being "fair" to business by pulling your punches may, for all I know, be sound strategy here, but the dangers labor has to face are thereby lost in a mist of wish-fulfilment. Professor Bryson's "Which Way America?" waves the

flag for democracy without doing much to define its terms and without investigating how far capitalism is a corollary. Impartially explaining the handicaps under which the Soviet Union has grown, he points out some of Russia's failures, to compare them with the radiant theory of "the American Way." He shows the post-war psychology that made Germany and Italy ripe for fascism, but not the interests that utilized that ripeness; and he hardly hints their existence, save as a foreign foe, in the United States.

Professor Overstreet, Mrs. Powell and Dr. Sears are more purely informational, and more successful. "Let Me Think" is a sensible account of the different ways in which we use our minds: in idle curiosity, as a means of seeing how things work, as a tool, as a weapon, in making and appreciating beauty. It is talk rather than writing; for writing the ideas are spread too thin. Mrs. Powell's little book on home decoration is full of practical information and hits its own modest target. Dr. Sears alone, however, realized the possibility of making his book the center of an enlarging circle of inquiry. "Who Are These Americans?" begins with ecology ("the land shapes the lives of those who live upon it, and they in turn mold the land"), and then brings in anthropology, genetics and specific environment to explain psychology and sociology, and shows the effects of science and technology in shaping the modern world. These lead to the hope of applying science not merely to new invention and money-making, but to studying the effects of invention on human life and harnessing science to the common good in a society of free minds. Dr. Sears demonstrates, in fact, what his more deliberately propagandist colleagues might well learn, that the most cogent form of propaganda is a clear-sighted and uncolored presentation of reality.

EDGAR JOHNSON

More Light on Lorca

Poems of F. Garcia Lorca, with English translation by Stephen Spender and J. L. Gili. New York: The Oxford University Press. 171 pages. \$2.

OF THIS BOOK, as of any other English translation of Lorca to appear within the next twenty-five or fifty years, it may be said that it leaves much to be desired. It is not only the difference between the Spanish and the Anglo-Saxon; one must recognize in the Andalusian a pronounced strain of the Oriental, so much so that one is at times tempted to wonder what there is Latin about the Latin countries. Moreover, Lorca's character was so complex, his artistic impulses so manifold, if not extravagant, that it is difficult to present a collection that will indicate his real stature in true proportion; and he wrote so lavishly and left work in so many far-flung, out-of-the-way places that it will be a long time, if ever, before an authoritative edition of the complete works can be compiled.

The collaboration of Messrs. Gili and Spender has resulted in a book which carries us, in opportunity to understand Lorca, considerably beyond the point established by Mr. Lloyd's presentation of two years ago. An introduction by Ramon Nadal gives a pleasant account of Lorca's life and, as regards the circumstances of his death, makes references almost painfully discreet. The text proper affords

provocative illustration of Lorca's variety and development. It includes one short ballad from the first book of poems (1918-21), five lyrics from the "Songs" (1921-24), four from the "Poema del Cante Hondo" (1921-27) and four of the "Gypsy Ballads" (1924-28). We are also given, from the "Poet in New York," the "Ode to the King of Harlem" and a version of the "Ode to Walt Whitman," which, though it contains much material hitherto not familiar in print, performs rather surprising mutilations on the widely known fragment that has appeared in Gerardo Diego's anthology and elsewhere. The translators have included lyric selections from five of Lorca's plays. Following these is "The Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias," here presented without the first movement, and without a substantial portion of the fourth. Finally we have a group of various poems from 1927-36. Both Spanish and English versions are included; but one should mention, in passing, that the text of the King of Harlem ode contains at least two departures from the reading of more familiar versions—*rojos* instead of *ojos* on line 9, and *ojo* instead of *oso* in line 19 on page 68.

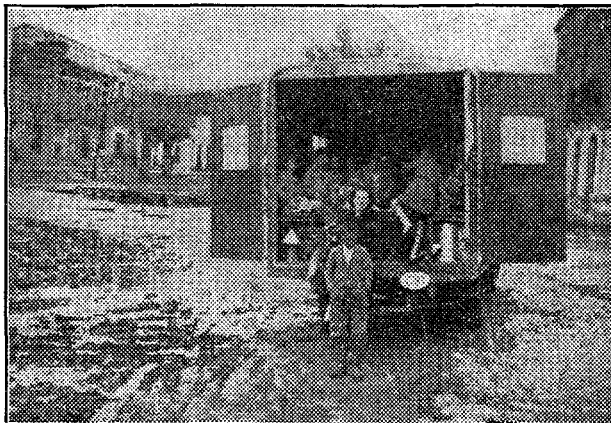
One could wish that a poet and translator so distinguished as Mr. Spender had seen fit to make a few remarks about the translators' method and the peculiar problems posed by Lorca's style. In general, he and Mr. Gili seem to have set themselves scrupulously to avoid any temptation to touch Lorca up; with the result sometimes that they have managed to play him down. It is hard to believe, for instance, that a poet with a musician's training and ear could have written the equivalent of phrases as unlovely as "Infuriated violator," or "He seeks for his confident profile/and the dream disorientates him," or "We are here with a body laid out which fades away," or "Nor is my house now my house." Such lapses as these, occurring usually in the longer poems, permit the impression that in strict fidelity to a line-by-line version the translators have fallen into the error of translating not poems, but the words of poems.

On the other hand, it is all to the good that a poet should employ himself translating another, and the most effective episodes in this book occur, it seems to me, when Mr. Spender is least concerned whether the reader will detect his presence in Lorca's shadow. There are cheaper things than collaboration that translation can easily become; as there are times when two poets are better than one:

Norm, which my yesterdays did know
above my present night:
adolescent daylight
opposing the white snow.
My eyes of secrecy, the two
orphans of love suspended
above my heart now dead
refuse to keep thee sheltered,
but my love seeks for the orchard
where thy customs may be rested.

—such a version may not be Lorca pure and neat, or even characteristic Lorca; but Lorca is there and Spender helping you to see him. And the reader who buys the book will have not only much Lorca in the original, but much from which to compile his favorite translations.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES



"MAY THIS NEVER HAPPEN HERE"

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O'Hara on Parade

Files on Parade, by John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

JOHN O'HARA gets the same back-handed critical praise for dialogue that was given out when Irwin Shaw's stories were published recently. He also seems to run foul of a latent priggish element, the high-water mark being reached when one reviewer solemnly tabulated the number of drinks taken and the number of what he called "adulteries" achieved in the book, and then to keep from dispraising it (for he was after all a Sunday Times reviewer) explained that it was probably just the type of people O'Hara wrote about. In this collection of stories the dialogue is fast, clean and resonant. Naturally. He is a writer, agreed? But anyone who thinks people in a book can talk this way without first being imagined and understood and respected until they are seen as completely as in life, has strictly no business with writing, whether he makes a living at it or not.

Most of these thirty-five stories are fragments, as are also arrowheads; but the only thing that can be said against their brevity is when it seems to make the author uneasy, so that he swells the end up to hints not grounded in the story itself ("Sidesaddle," "Shave," "Goodbye, Herman," etc.). It may be an extension of that fastidious dislike for overstatement which usually serves him so well; it may be that temptation to the writer with a natural incident to hang a meaning on it. His average incident doesn't need a meaning or story ending, because it has been so perfectly envisioned as a crisis in action or character trait or local habit. Story in the regular craftsman's definition it isn't; but by some trick of vision even less recent than the lenses of the movie camera (and not yet analyzed) it is both something you want to know and all you want to know.

There are stories of the humanity which still lives in the dry routine of a business office; stories of incidents in the lives of mothers, lovers, friends, etc.; stories that are good just for their knowledgeable backstage picture. But the best thing about them all is that the people are nice people, or at least interesting, or at least they move under their own power. Bumping into so many originals takes not only getting around but a shrewd appreciation of what is around when you get there, a wide and even loving appreciation. I still laugh when I think of the account of a silly evening O'Hara spent with a fight promoter who was good at several kinds of talk, including double (he fooled this same Sunday Times reviewer into thinking he was a gangster, which was the opposite of the point). And for a somehow lovely statement of the sudden goodness to be surprised in ordinary life, I'll take "The Gentleman in the Tan Suit."

What only shows obliquely through these vivid effects is something that must be there essentially if the work is to be anything more than passing: a zest for people, a belief in and unaffected liking for them. The four letters from Pal Joey make the best rounded section of the book and—in spite of their lively humor and anecdote—frame the picture of the original Heel Who Wouldn't Bounce. Yet even here the success of the complete negative seems to depend on some implicit positive faith; even in these jagged edges of wit there is an undertone of sadness rather than spleen.

Brilliance by itself won't do, but its mere presence in writing should not blind any but the very dull to the more humane and lasting qualities when they are essentially there.

OTIS FERGUSON

New Books: A Reader's List

MEN, WOMEN AND PLACES, by Sigrid Undset (Knopf, \$2.50). Essays ranging from a sharp, psychological analysis of D. H. Lawrence, completely modern in tone, to a biographical sketch of medieval Margery Kempe of Lynn, Chaucerian in its sensitive humor. The author's characterizations and descriptions will not disappoint admirers of "Kristin Lavransdatter."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by David Loth (Carrick and Evans, \$3). A comprehensive and well rounded narrative biography of the Founding Father who, in a short and amazing career, succeeded in grounding our government on the solid basis of modern capitalism.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY AND THE NEW DESPOTISM, by Charles E. Merriam (Whittlesey House, \$3). A good restatement of the assumptions of democratic theory and a realistic defense of those assumptions, by the dean of American political scientists. Those who contend that democracy and planning are incompatible will find this a bitter medicine. Much weaker and very sketchy, however, on the theory of dictatorship.

HAYWIRE, by Hector Bolitho (Longmans, \$2). Another American travel diary by another British lecturer cleaning up on his reputation—this time, the biographer of the Duke of Windsor. He found our trains hot, our people hospitable and our tea undrinkable.

COWBOY DANCES, by Lloyd Shaw (Caxton, \$3.50). How to do "Allemande left," "docer-doe," "eight hands round" and other intricacies of the cowboy square dances, as explained by one of the Cheyenne Mountain Dancers who hopes to revive them as an honest-to-goodness American folk art. Illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

VERSE

NIGHT IN A RENTED ROOM, by Elva Williams (Elektra Press, \$1.25). The thoughts and experiences of one woman during a day-and-night cycle in megalopolitan New York. Competent, sharply imaged, interesting verse that shows an obvious Eliot influence.

MORTAL SEQUENCE, by Charlotte Wilder (Coward-McCann, \$2). Sonnets and other short lyric poems, including a Rilke translation, marked in all cases by a sculptured elegance of poetic technique. Miss Wilder is moved by social and other evils, but her poems lack positive dramatic strength.

GAULEY MOUNTAIN, by Louise McNeill (Harcourt, Brace, \$2). Short narrative poems and ballads dealing with dramatic characters and incidents in the history of Gauley, West Virginia, from the days of the first trappers to those of the CCC. There is a laudatory preface by Stephen Vincent Benét, not wholly justified by the verse itself.

THIS, MY LETTER, by Sara Henderson Hay (Knopf, \$2). Seventy-five short lyrics on a variety of themes—home, the child, religion, etc. They will appeal to readers who like well done conventional comment in readily recognizable verse forms.

WAR PROPAGANDA

Propaganda Analysis

A Bulletin to Help the Intelligent Citizen Detect and Analyze Propaganda

INSTITUTE FOR PROPAGANDA ANALYSIS, INC.
40 EAST FORTY-NINTH STREET : NEW YORK CITY

Volume III

Number 1

The War Comes

IT STARTED AT 11 minutes past 5 o'clock on the morning of September 1. The word that launched what may become the second World War was spoken by a man who was a corporal in the first. Bombs fell on Crakow Katowice, Terev and Czesochowa, and there were grave faces at dinner tables in Melbourne and Milwaukee. The youth who had fallen on his knees and thanked Heaven from an "overflowing heart" when the first World War broke out prepared to leave in the same joyous spirit for the Eastern Front, this time as commander-in-chief. Adolf Hitler, one among millions of simple soldiers maneuvered on the bloody chessboards of 1914-1918, did not bring the training of a Ludendorff or a Hindenburg to his new task. He brought equipment no less important for a long modern war, the skills of a master propagandist. These he had perfected not on the battlefield but in the Sportpalast on his way to power, and in the comfortable prison cell in the fortress of Landsberg on the Lech where in 1924 the unsuccessful leader of a Beer Hall putch had time and leisure to think things over.

Machiavelli gave his prince no lessons in Name-calling or Glittering Generalities. In the day of mercenary armies, war was a payroll, not a propaganda, problem. But in an age when the bludgeon of war falls on whole populations and the difference between soldier and civilian is imperceptible from a bombing plane, propaganda can be as important as petroleum. The heart, too, must have its combustibles; the engine that is man must be stocked with hatreds.

¹Mein Kampf, by Adolf Hitler. Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1939, p. 210.

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and accelerated by devotions. Indispensable to the maneuvers of the armies are the maneuvers of the propagandists, and here the new commander-in-chief has found new scope for his genius. Here there is World War, and long before the German armies began to curse the bad roads of Poland, rival battalions of propagandists, through press and radio, were already fighting for mastery of public opinion in the mightiest of the neutrals, the United States of America.

Adolf Hitler did not declare war. "War"—the name—has been out of fashion since the Kellogg Pact. He issued a proclamation to the army, and in that proclamation he illustrated the propaganda principle he has always applied: "As soon as by one's own propaganda even a glimpse of right on the other side is admitted, the cause for doubting one's own right is laid." Or, as the late Tex Guinan put it, "Never give a sucker an even break." Hitler said the Poles had "refused my efforts for a peaceful regulation of neighborly relations." Hitler declared the Poles had "appealed to weapons." Hitler asserted that there was "a bloody terror" against the Germans in Poland. He did not charge border violations. He assumed them: "The series of border violations, which are unbearable to a great power, prove that the Poles no longer are willing to respect the German frontier." Hitler said he had no alternative left but "to meet force with force."

In this proclamation, as in the British propaganda Hitler so much admired in the last war,

²Mein Kampf, edition cited, p. 237.

³See dispatch by Otto D. Tolischus from Berlin, New York Times, September 1, 1939.

Each day it is more necessary—and more difficult—to see our way through the clouds of propaganda. Each day our need of objective analysis of current propaganda is more vital to our interests as Americans.

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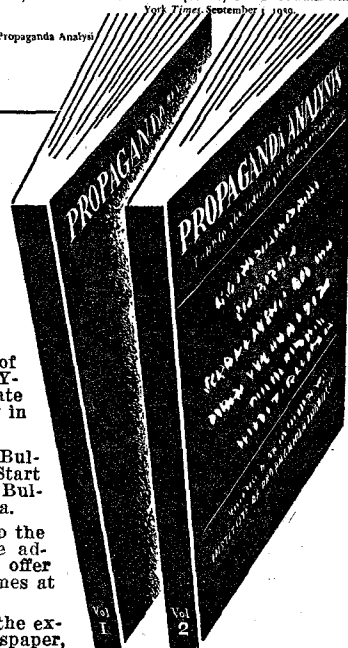
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POEMS, by Anne Ridler (Oxford, \$2). Thirty short poems, by an English Shakespearean critic, which evince an unusual fusion of intellectual and sensuous content with a craftsmanship that is precise, discriminating and highly original. As a sample of her work, take the last four lines of "For a London Boy":

May in his mind the skeptic and the poet
grow and though he have discomfort from it,
may his disquiet end with belief found,
stability honest, and certain his mind.

FICTION

THIS PORCELAIN CLAY, by Naomi Jacob (Macmillan, \$2.50). The hero here isn't a Jew but pretends to be for business reasons. Having this bright idea to start with, the author mercifully doesn't leave it to flounder alone, but sets it against a credible and vivid English background.

CLAUDIA, by Rose Franken (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). Maybe married life isn't all bright answers and remodeled houses in the country, but sometimes it's nice to think it is and Miss Franken's novel is a big help. Claudia herself is as gay and young and naïve a gal as ever slipped into marriage with her eyes closed.

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, by Dalton Trumbo (Lippincott, \$2.50). The question Mr. Trumbo no doubt meant to ask here is, how long will men keep making jackasses of themselves by indulging in war? The question most readers will remember, though, is, how appallingly mutilated can a man be and still retain a working mind? A gruesome, shocking, original book.

Contributors

ALFRED VAGTS is the author of "A History of Militarism." He was a private and an officer in the German Imperial army from August, 1914, until Christmas, 1918.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent of The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

DANIEL FUCHS has contributed short stories to many magazines and published several novels, the most recent of which was "Low Company."

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD has written a number of books of poetry, and her "Collected Poems, 1918-1938" was recently published. She is the author of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."

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EDWIN MIMS JR. was formerly assistant editor of The Pageant of America and of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences. He is now the representative of Alvin Johnson in the Van Eeden Refugee Community at Wilmington, N. C.

EDGAR JOHNSON, the author of "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography" and "The Praying Mantis," gives a course in Poetry of the Romantic Period and one in Modern Biography at The New School for Social Research.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES spent last year in Mexico and Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship. He is working on a translation of the complete poems of García Lorca.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 9, 1933, of The New Republic, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1939.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } SS.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, Editorial Publications, Inc.

40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Editor, Bruce Bliven.

40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor, Bruce Bliven.

40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Business Manager, Daniel Mebane.

40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

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DANIEL MEBANE,

Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of

September, 1939.

MARIAN T. KEENAN, Notary Public.

My commission expires March 30, 1941.